THE

AMOURS OF Messalina.

Late Queen of *ALBION*.

IN WHICH.

Are Briefly Couch'd, Secrets of the

IMPOSTURE

OF THE

CAMBRION Prince,

THE

Gothick League,

And other *COURT INTRIGUES* of the Four last Years Reign, not yet made *PUBLICK*

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confident of Q. *MESSALINA*.

70.c.61.

LONDON, Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

HAving Correſpondance with a Gentleman, Reſident in Cologne, the Repoſitorum of all the Oppreſſed Subjects of Gothland, where they firſt unload their Grievances and thence diſperſe them all over Europe.

Among other pieces of Curioſity received from the ſaid Gentleman, were theſe few Sheets, preſented to him by the Man who prints them, and from whom he has a promiſe of the Second Part (that was juſt putting to the Preſs) and as ſoon as printed off, I may expect them by the firſt Poſt; they bear the Title of Les Amours de MESSELINA DERNIERE REINE d'ALBION, and pen'd, as the Printer informs my Friend, by a Woman of Quality ſometimes a Confident of Meſſalina late Queen of Albion, and one that has been very familiar with her in the moſt ſecret Intrigues; but upon ſome diſguſt received ſince their Retirement to the Gothiſh Court (proceeding, as is ſuppoſed, from the Haughty and Intolerable Humour of the Queen) has thereupon left the Court, and being very much out of Favour, is retir'd unto the Electorate of Cologne, it ſeems to carry the appearance of an Hiſtorical Novel, and contains moſt of the Cabinet Contrivances of the Court of Albion for theſe laſt four Years, it lays open the Villainous Contrivances of the Pagan Prieſts, eſpecially Father Pedro's, againſt the Peace and Welfare of the Chriſtian Religion in that Kingdom; it diſcovers the Life of the late Queen, with her Project to intail POPERY and SLAVERY on the Nation: It diſcovers the

Mufti's

Mufties or High Priest, *together with the* Antichristian-*King of* Gothland's Intrigues, *at least to* Imbroil *if not totally to* Subvert *the Power and Interest of all the* Christian Princes *in* Europe: *It gives an Account of the Weakness and Oversight of the late King* Lycognes, *in suffering himself first to be led by the Nose by* Polydorus *King of the* Gauls, *afterwards to become his* Pentioner, *and to have as it were his whole dependance upon him: As lastly his* Ungenerous *and* Cruel LEAGUE *with the said King, not only to destroy or ruin all his own* Christian Subjects *but even to Extirpate what they are pleased to call the* Northern Heresie *from the Face of the* Earth.

It further shews the wicked *and* unparallel'd *Design of the late* Queen Messalina, *to impose upon and wrong the* King *her* Husbands Children, *two lovely* Princesse, *of their* Just *and* Lawful Pretensions *to the* Crown *of* Albion.

P. S. *While I was Correcting this* Preface *for the* Printer, *in order to its Immediate publication, the* Dutch *Post-man brings my* Forreign *Letters, one of which is from my* Cologne *Friend, in which is Inclosed the printed Sheets of the* Second Part, *where (on a Cursolary view of them) I find the Intrigues of his* Brittish Highness *layed open, shewing (after the failure of Count* Davila *and Father* Pedro) *the Secret Intrigues of the* WARMING-PAN; *in which is briefly Couch'd the whole management of that* Imposture. *With a New Amour that has lately happen'd since the Courts retirement into* Gothland, *between King* Polydorus *and* Queen Messalina; *Wherein are several Secrets of the* Pagan League *not yet expos'd: But such is the over eagerness of the* Bookseller, *that I cannot perswade him to stop the publication of this, but I am over perswaded to publish them in two* Parts, *as they are in the* Original.

Fair

FAir *Albion* had for many years enjoy'd all the pleaſures that Peace and Plenty could afford, and by a long diſcontinuance from War, ſeem'd to have degenerated from thoſe inclinations to Glory which have been accounted natural to the People of that Famous Iſland; the laſt time they carry'd out their Victorious Arms, was againſt their Neighbours on the *Belgick* Coaſts, where after many ſignal proofs of Courage and Ability on both ſides, the Quarrel proceeding chiefly from Emulation of each others Power and Trade, a firm and laſting Peace was concluded between them: And now *Britomardes* the Second of that Name, King of *Albion*, having againſt his natural diſpoſition been obliged to ſpend the firſt and better part of his Youth in all thoſe hazards and difficulties which a Civil War within the Bowels of his own Countrey, and a twelve Years Exile abroad laid him open to, he at laſt, to his wonderful ſatisfaction, finds himſelf at liberty to follow the current of his own Humour, and reſolves to Sacrifice the remaining part of his Life to the ſoft temptations of Love and Pleaſure: But ſee the fallibility of Humane Reſolutions, and how eaſily Providence can diſappoint our firmeſt Expectations, for though *Britomardes* knew how to improve his Minutes of Love and Delight to as great advantage as any Prince in the World, yet he could very rarely find himſelf diſengaged from thoſe weighty Cares that neceſſarily attend the Thrones of Great Princes, or from the apprehenſions of ſome

impending Dangers which the many discoveries of Plots and Conspiracies against his Life, imprinted in him: He at last dying, without lawful Issue, *Lycogenes* the Second, his only Brother, succeeded, a Prince who in his Youth and Adversity gave so signal proofs of his Virtue and Gallantry, that he render'd himself the Admiration of Forreign Countries, and the Delight and Love of his own, but (I know not by what unhappy Councels thereunto incited) after his coming to the Crown of *Albion*, he committed so many Irregularities against even the Peace and Safety of his own People, that they were obliged to call in *Anaximander*, Prince of the *Low Lands*, to their Assistance to defend their Lives, which they affirm'd *Lycogenes* had expos'd and sold to *Polydorus* King of the *Gaules*, and to recover their Rights and Liberties which, say, they their King had encroach'd upon and taken from them: *Lycogenes* had by his first Wife (who was Daughter to a Noble Peer of *Albion*) two Lovely Princesses to his Daughters, the Eldest called *Artemisia*, Married to *Anaximander*, the other *Philadelphia*, Married to *Polycrates* the Northern Prince. His second Wife was *Messalina*, Daughter of a *Huge Prince* in *Italy*, and nearly Related to *Boanerges* the High-Priest, a Lady sent by Heaven to determine the Fate of Poor *Lycogenes*, and to ruine the growing greatness of the *Pagan Interest* in the Kingdom of *Albion*: She was, as to her Person, all that could be wisht in a great Woman, she had a Majestick, Lofty Carriage, black Hair, delicate sparkling Eyes of the same Colour, a handsome Nose, her Mouth extreamly pretty when she smil'd, her Face Oval, her Look demure and sullen, except when she was in Company with her Favourites; she was tall and well shap'd, and to those

thoſe who only look'd on her, ſhe made lovely Figure; ſhe took, according to the mode of her Country, a great delight in Muſick and Amour; Before her arrival at *Albion*, ſhe had ſpent part of her time in the Court of *Gothland*, where ſhe behav'd her ſelf with that Gallantry, and ſo far inſinuated into the favour of that Court, that 'tis believ'd *Lycogenes* receiv'd his firſt recommendation of her from the King of the *Gaules*; ſhe look'd upon the Nobility of *Albion* either too juſt to their King, or too unworthy of her Favours, to entruſt them with any part of her Intrigues, and therefore ſhe choſe to be beholding to the High-Prieſt and to *Polyderus*, for Perſons that might at once ſerve both her Love and Ambition; and though *Lycogenes* did all to oblige her, that a fond over-weening Love could prompt a Man to, yet he found it more than a difficulty many times to prevail with her to keep within ſuch rules as were moſt agreeable to his Honour, and requiſite for the Peace and Security of his Kingdom; *Meſſalina* after *Lycogenes* Acceſſion to the Crown, upon the Height and Eminence of her new Station, ſeem'd to have receiv'd a new Air and Temper too; for during the Reign of *Britomardes* (her *Lycogenes* then but a Subject) ſhe bore her Grandeur with that univerſal Complaiſance and Condeſcention, that poſſibly the Renown of her Prideleſs Meen and Deportment, out-ran the very Fame of her Beauty, and the ſame Poetick Raptures that daily Deified the one, built Altars too to the other. All Tongues were full of her Praiſes, and there wanted not her Applauſe even in all Corners of the World. But as if Fortune had tried to match her own Mutability in that Change which the Advance to a Crown ſoon wrought through her whole Temper and Carriage; the

Anointing Drops seem'd to have infused so strange a Spirit of Ambition and Haughtiness, that her former Dearest Darlings and Favourites were then thought scarce worthy the Honour of being her Vassals, insomuch that that Universal Quire that before had so chanted her Praises, were all of a sudden struck dumb; whilst the Exaltation of her Pride, with that of her Glory, had infinitely rebated the edge of the late popular Veneration. But as disgusted as so haughty a Behaviour soon made her, not only by the People, but the very Courtiers of *Albion*; We are to consider 'twas in the Days of her more humble State, and gentler Charms, that She gain'd the Heart of her *Lycogenes*. 'Tis true, as her Pride became a Fault, however it brought one Vertue with it, in giving a Check to her former Inclination to Intrigue; her sometimes Favourites (upon her Ascent to a Throne) being now a little removed to a Distance unworthy of Graces so sublime. The long expected and long sigh'd for Day of her Imperial Dignity being come, she could not without abundance of Regret behold those Wrinkles Age had already made in the Face of her *Lycogenes*, she would often ruminate on the Sensible Decay Time and continual Cares had wrought in the Strength and Vigour of the King her Husband, she could not consider his weak and seldom Caresses any otherwise than as *Memento Mori* to her own Glory and Ambition; she saw many whom the unkindness, shall I say Injustice of *Lycogenes* had render'd cold and disaffected to his Interest, gaping with expectation of a speedy Change; she was not insensible that the moment of his Death would probably be the Eternity of her Ruine, and that at least her Honour, if not her Life, would be endanger'd; these Con-

Considerations would often perplex the Mind of *poor Messalina*, and would often check the current of her Joy even in the height of all her Glory. 'What? would she cry, 'must this be the weak Foundation 'whereon all my future Hopes must rest? Must all 'my Glorious Projects lean on the uncertain Secu-'rity of a Feeble Husband's Life? Shall the present 'possession of a Crown seem so to transport my 'Thoughts, as to leave me careless of all future 'Contingencies, or shall I think the high Station of 'a Queen of *Albion* so far above my Personal Me-'rit, that like a cheating Gamester, I can be willing 'to refund, or lay down my Royalty? No, no, *Mes-'salina*, think of the Grandeur of thy Mighty House, 'think of thy yet but Blooming Youth and Beauty; 'but above all, think of thy boundless lofty Soul, 'which will sooner break than bend to the least de-'rogation of thy Honour: Remember *Boanerges*, 'thy holy Patron and Kinsman, and the Mighty *Poly-'dorus*, do something worthy their great Alliance & 'Friendship: Remember the Eyes of all thy Sect ex-'pect thy wonderful Operations; and since the neces-'sity of Time requires thy speedy Resolutions, re-'move boldly whatever dare obstruct thy Will, and 'let thy Orders have a speedy execution. Such were the extravagant Thoughts of Unhappy *Messalina*, which were yet heightned afterwards by the perni-cious Counsels of Count *Davila*, and Father *Pedro*, her two chief Assistants in all her Consultations, and sent on purpose to work on the restless Humour of this Queen, by *Boanerges* the High-Priest, to pro-mote the Interest of the Pagan Faction in the King-dom of *Albion*. These two, according to their In-structions, draw first a Scheme of what they had to do, and then like crafty Workmen, proceed to

the Manner, Time, and Place for the execution of their Projects; they ſoon come to a determination of the manner of their proceedings, for being ſenſible of the main points whereon all the Queens Satisfaction ſeem'd to depend; to wit, Amour and Religion, (two things ſo relative and reciprocal to each other all over *Italy* and great part of *Gaule*, that you ſhall ſeldom ſee a Devotee without the attendance of her *Enamouratto*, or a Man at his Prayers without mingling ſome pithy Ejaculations to the Saint that kneels by him) that they ſeem'd to have little elſe to do than to make ſeaſonable applications to the Queens humour, as time and opportunity ſhould give leave. The Count was a tall ſlender Man, well ſhap'd, black Ey'd, and quick, a large Noſe, but thin Fac'd, facetious in his Diſcourſe, and after the Italian way Muſical; he had been well acquainted with *Meſſalina* in *Italy*, and had without any ſignal reaſon to deſpair, made ſeveral addreſſes of Love to her; He was deſign'd and ſent by the High Prieſt *Boanerges*, to make what efforts he could on the well known Inclinations of *Meſſalina*, though he came not ſo well provided but that it was generally thought the Queen defray'd even the expence of his Courtſhip: Father *Pidro* was to ply the other weak ſide of *Meſſalina*, and by his Inſinuations of an implicit faith to be given to every thing, he ſhould aſſert ſhe was to uſe her utmoſt power and influence with *Lycogenes*, to promote and put in execution without reſerve, whatſoever ſhould be propoſed as advantagious to the *Pagan* Intereſt: This was the purport of their Commiſſions, which they were to manage with all the Diſcretion, Secreſie, and Expedition imaginable.

The

The Queen happening to be indiſpoſed a while after the Counts arrival at Court, he was neceſſitated to defer the payment of his private devoirs for four or five days, though the ſatisfaction her Majeſty was pleaſed to expreſs for his arrival, was thought to add much to her recovery; She let him know about a Week after his coming, ſhe was willing to receive his Viſit that day after Dinner, and to avoid all inconveniency that might ariſe from the multiplicity of Attendance at the Pallace Royal, ſhe takes her Chair privately, and croſſes over to St. *Jaques*, a ſmall half Mile from *Alba Regalis*, and retiring into her Cloſet, ſhe with impatience waited the coming of the Count, having before given Orders to admit him without Ceremony; the Count by what miſchance detained is uncertain, came not till two hours after the time appointed, and being conducted by *Aſpaſia*, one of the Queens Women to the Cloſet door, went in, and found *Meſſalina* thrown upon a Couch faſt aſleep, whereupon he ſtop'd, and being about to withdraw, the Queen awoke, and perceiving the Count, ſhe ſtarted up in ſome ſeeming diſorder: The Count fearing ſhe was diſpleaſed to have been ſeen in that poſture, was in great confuſion whether to ſtay or go, till the Queen making up to him, ſaid, 'My Lord, this 'is a piece of Gallantry in you extraordinary, to 'make a Lady wait thus long for your attendance; I 'know not how you will be able to acquit your ſelf 'from the juſtice of my reſentment, of which hereto-'fore you have expreſſed great apprehenſions: The Count was ſo abaſh'd at this ſhort but ſevere reprimand, that for a great while he could not make any reply; but at laſt coming to himſelf he fell on his Knees and humbly implored her Majeſties Pardon, telling

her he hop'd Her Majesty was not now to be convinc'd of his readiness to serve her with the utmost faculty of his Soul; that she could not be insensible that the first time he had had the honour to see her in her own Country, he had made so entire a resignation of himself and his interest to her will and pleasure, that it was not now in his power to design any thing repugnant to her satisfaction, that he was too sensible of her Justice, to believe that one unfortunate error was able to blot out the remembrance of a thousand demonstrations past of the profound respect he always thought due to her; that he hop'd his hearty repentance for this, would induce her not only to confirm his Pardon for the present, but to give him assurance of her good will for the future: The Queen who all this while with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, had heard the Count thus zealous in his Apology for an errour, she had resolved with a great deal less difficulty to have pardoned, stretching out her hand to the Count, told him roundly that she was sufficiently satisfied of his good inclinations towards her, that besides the recommendation of her Kinsman the High-Priest, his own personal merit had so wrought on her opinion, as to make her resolve to commit a Secret of the greatest importance to her Interest, that could be, to his management and discretion, that as she did already believe the sincerity of his Protestations, so she doubted the necessity of her Affairs, would in a little time cause her to exact his performance: The Count was about to reply, when Madam Marchioness *de Tomazo*, the Queens chief Confident, and Father *Pedro*, were come into the withdrawing Room, and advancing up to the Closet, the Queen bid them enter, where after the usual

ſual Ceremony they fall into a deep Conſultation; the matter before them, was the means of advancing the Pagan Intereſt throughout *Albion*, and next the ſatisfaction of *Meſſalina*'s Ambition, as to her continuance in the Regency in caſe *Lycogenes* (which was very much fear'd) ſhould in a ſhort time fail; they were each preparing to deliver their Opinion in this weighty Affair, when news was brought that the King waited for *Meſſalina*'s Company, to make a viſit to the Queen Dowager; *Meſſalina* before ſhe departed, gave them in Charge to deliver in Writing to her ſelf, within three days, their Opinions ſeverally, and told them that within three days more ſhe would have another Conſult, wherein ſhe hoped they would come to a final Reſolution: The Queen being gone, theſe three fell to deliberation on the points already propoſed; after a great many Arguments they conclude, that nothing but the Queens having a Son, could in any humane probability ſecure both the Queens Power, and the Grandeur of their *Diana* and her Temples in *Albion* after the death of *Lycogenes*; for ſuppoſing, ſaid they, (which is very much doubted) that *Lycogenes* live to bring in either by Fraud or Arbitrary Power, the *Pagans* Religion in his own time, yet the root it will take will be ſo ſlender and ſhallow, that one breath of the next Succeſſor (being a Chriſtian) will be able to blaſt it, and in the mean time there will be no proviſion made for the Queens ſatisfaction; and alas! cries the Marchioneſs, the Queen can no more hope for a young Son from *Lycogenes* now, than I can for a young Set of Teeth at threeſcore; the Count ſmil'd to himſelf at the quaintneſs of the Expreſſion, and as he gueſs'd at what her diſcourſe did tend to, ſo he could not but be glad that ſhe

had first broke the Ice: I presume, said Father *Pedro*, (addressing himself to the Lady) her Majesty upon a due Consideration of the Premises will not be offended at what shall be proposed by her Friends in order to her future as well as present satisfaction, and because things of this nature may better be imparted to the Queen, by your Ladiship than by us, we shall refer our thoughts of this point to your Ladiships management: Upon this they parted, and the Count repairing to his Lodging, fell a ruminating on that days Transactions, he began to think his Master the High-Priest's busines would come on very favourably; nor did he see any great reason to despair of some success in his own Amour, he consider'd how obligingly *Messalina* had entertain'd him in the Closet, and began to make some random Conjectures of what she said she had to deliver to him, he remember'd the reports that had been given about Town concerning himself, and how that the Queen had been pleased to say once, she believed Count *Davila* to be as capable of winning a Ladies Favours as any man in *Europe*; he call'd to mind the Character *Messalina* went under in *Italy*, upon the account of the young Baron of *Sandiforé*, a Gentleman that was generally thought to have made *Effectual* Love to her; he could easily guess what entertainment she had with the King her Husband, who beside a failing contracted in his youth, had the heavy burthen of age and cares lying on him; he knew the Queen young and vigorous, and that the mistrust she had of the Nobility of *Albion* in all probability, did restrain her from making any advances of Intrigue or Amour with any of them; these and the like considerations made him resolve to sound *Messalina*'s inclinations

tions with the first opportunity, and in the mean time to press her to come to a resolution concerning his Master. The next Night Father *Pedro* meets *Messalina* retiring into her Bed-chamber after Play, and the Queen stopping, asked what they had done in her business? *Pedro* told her he thought the Marchioness had ere this imparted their Opinions to her Majesty, and implored her Majesty not to be offended with the freedom of their thoughts, since the present State of Affairs could not possibly admit of any milder Resolutions, he laid before her the instability of her Fortune, the danger of her Person, the Age of *Lycogenes*, his Weakness, and Imperfection; he prest her to consider the merit of the thing, and how it would for ever advance the Interest of their Temples in *Albion*, and when she objected her Honour and Credit, he told her, her Station was above even Suspicion, for *who durst peep into the Cabinets of Princes*? He told her he could propose methods as secret as pleasant, and begg'd her not to defer a matter of such consequence, and which he fear'd every day might determine and make void: *Messalina*, whose natural temper had been long check'd by the stiff rules of Majesty and Greatness, began now to soften and melt at the pathetick Arguments of Father *Pedro*, and eagerly grasping him by the hand, told him, *That if ever she could condescend to any part of his discourse, it must be upon considerations more weighty than any of pleasure; That she wish'd she could live to see her Religion Re-established, and a Son of her own plac'd in the Throne of* Albion; *That she could not indeed without a great deal of trouble consider the faint Caresses and weak Efforts of the King her Husband; and confess'd, that though Glory and Greatness had*

gain'd the aſcendent of her heart, yet ſhe could not without a great deal of regret, reſolve to bid defiance to all the other ſatisfactions of Life; That though the high Quality of Lycogenes *had raiſed her heart above the common Rank, yet ſhe could not perceive but ſhe was ſtill ſubject to the common Failings of Fleſh and Blood:* The laſcivious Prieſt, who all this while was tickling himſelf with the coming Temper of *Meſſalina*, ſuppoſing he had now rais'd her fancy, to the very Critical point indeed, was reſolv'd to preſs the Diſcourſe home; but ſome of the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber coming up, the Queen without any more words, walk'd forward into her Bed-Chamber; Father *Pedro* at the ſame time retiring ſomthing diſſatisfied with his ſuppoſed diſappointment, was making what way he could to his Lodgings, but judging it not very late by the Company he ſaw yet ſtirring in the Court, he reſolv'd to take a turn or two in the Galleries that lead to the deſcent into the *Forreſt* of St. *Jaques*; he had juſt turn'd the Corner of the firſt Gallery, when a Young Lady makes up to him with all the haſte and ſeeming Concern imaginable: *O Sir*, ſays ſhe, *my Lady has been in Bed almoſt this hour, and wonders extreamly what ſhould detain you ſo long, the Clock has ſtruck One, and all the Court almoſt are in Bed: Here, Sir, I beſeech you, take the Key, the Candle is in the* Lobby; *make as little noiſe as may be; you need not lock the Door; I'le but juſt ſtep to the Counteſs of* Thunderlands *Lodging, and will be back in half an hour. Pedro* was extreamly ſtartled at this Adventure, but judging (as indeed it was) ſome Amorous Aſſignation, and his Spirits, by *Meſſalina*'s Charming Diſcourſe, being a little before rais'd, he was reſolv'd to fill up the vacant place,

and

and answer the Longing Ladies expectation; he was confident the Man design'd must be one of his own Tribe, for by the little glimmering of the distant Lights, he was sure the Maid could not mistake their Garbes, all that troubled him was to find the right Door, if the Maid should have gone before she had open'd it, and he durst not ask her Ladies Name for fear of suspicion: In short, he tells the Maid softly, *She must go back with him a little, for that he had some Business of Importance to leave with her till morning*; The Maid readily returns, and being just come to the Door, *he bids her make what haste she could back, and he would defer his Business till then.* The Maid being gone, he opens the door and perceives they were of *Aspasia*'s Lodgings, another of the Queens Confidents, and Wife to *Latroon* an *Iberian* Count, and lately made Viceroy of that Kingdom by King *Lycogenes*. *Pedro* was well acquainted with the Lady, and remembred that Father *Sebastian* was reported to be very intimate with her. *Aspasia* was about the Thirty fourth Year of her Age, was always very Fair, had large Grey Eyes, very languishing and sweet, she had a very fine Carriage, *debonaire* in her Conversation, and Witty, a huge lover of Intrigues, and insatiate in her Wantonness; She had formerly been Lov'd by *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*; as also by King *Lycogenes*, by whom she was first recommended to *Latroon* for a Wife; She seem'd to be the right hand of *Messalina*, who would unload her most secret Thoughts in her Bosom; She was a great Bigot in Paganism, and would often boast of the Vertues and good Nature of the Pagan Priests; She had, as it seems, been often Charm'd with the Conversation of Father *Sebastian*, and had

that night, appointed him to come to her Chamber; Father *Pedro* knowing the Lodgings, ſhuts the Door, and immediately repairs, without Light, to *Aſpaſia*'s Bed, who by this time, with long Expectation, was fallen into a ſoft ſlumber; he locks the Door of her Bed-Chamber, and without ſtay, undreſſing, ſteals ſoftly in, and claſping *Aſpaſia* in his Arms, ſhe preſently wakes; Madamoiſelle *de Elvira*'s Beds-head was near to *Aſpaſia*'s, and ſeparated only by a ſlight partition, which obliged them to whiſper low; *Aſpaſia* fell a Cliding the ſuppos'd *Sebaſtian* for his ſtay, and Wantonly tells him, *he ought not to have made her ſuffer Pennance before ſhe had committed the Sin*; he anſwers her with Kiſſes and repeated Careſſes, and in the intervals of their Amours, would whiſper and chat of all the little Intrigues about the Court: Father *Pedro* asks her *how the Queen far'd, and whether* Lycogenes *had as yet been able to give her any aſſurance of a Son and Heir?* Aſpaſia ſighing Replyes; 'Alack! *Lycogenes* his miſ-'fortune, together with *Meſſalina*'s ſevere Vertue, 'ſhe was afraid, would go near to ruine the faireſt 'Hopes that ever the Pagans in *Albion* had, or 'would have while the Sun ſhone; and that un-'leſs ſome ſpeedy Application and Remedy be us'd, 'that glimmering Light, which by the influence 'of *Lycogenes* they did at preſent enjoy, would 'with his Fall, be turn'd into everlaſting Dark-'neſs: I know, my Dear *Sebaſtian*, ſaid ſhe, 'that *Meſſalina*'s haughty Spirit alone, retards the 'Complement of all our Hopes: She has all the 'common Frailties of our Sex; She Loves, and 'ſhe Confeſſeth too, and yet her mighty Pride re-'ſtrains her Inclination: She laſt Night ſaw Count

'*Davila*

'*Davila* pass by, when in a sort of Extasie, she 'grasp'd me eagerly, and cry'd; *Look, there's the* 'Count, Aspasia: 'And when the King once prest her 'to retire with him to Bed, she turns to me, & sigh-'ing, said, *We are going to sleep.* Aspasia. Nothing could add more to the satisfaction of Father *Pedro*, than this knowledge of the Queens Inclination; and though he had not been mentioned by *Aspasia* to be any way in the Queens Thoughts, he was resolv'd, to push on his own Fortune, to watch the Counts steps, and to come in, if possibly, with him for a share in the Booty: *Aspasia*'s Maid in the mean time being come back, and supposing *Sebastian* and her Lady safe together, was preparing her self for Bed; she was just putting out the Candle when she heard a small knocking at the outward Door; but supposing it to be only some of the Countess of *Thurderlands* Maids, considering she was to wake betimes to let out Father *Sebastian*, she laid her self down without answering: The two Lovers, who by this time had trodden all the secret paths of Love, were now at length disposing themselves to sleep: *Aspasia*, whose thoughts were pleas'd with this Enjoyment of her supposed *Sebastian*, was quickly wrapt in Dream and gentle slumbers; but Father *Pedro* was kept awake with the cares of manageing this Nights Intrigue; he was one while thinking to rise softly and get off without discovery, another while he hop'd by this accident, to render *Aspasia* instrumental and assistant to his design with the Queen; he fear'd not any thing from *Sebastian*'s discovery, since his Fortune was in his power; besides, *Aspasia*, for her own sake, would be silent in the matter; so that at last he re-

ſolves to ſtand it out, and without any more concern, turns himſelf about to his reſt: In the morning early *Cleone*, *Aſpaſia*'s truſty Maid, gets up, and gives the ſignal at her Ladies door, to the ſuppos'd *Sebaſtian* to riſe; Father *Pedro* had taken care over night to draw the Curtains cloſe about, and claſping *Aſpaſia* in his Arms, he tells her *he was mightily diſturb'd in his ſleep with a Dream concerning Father* Pedro: 'Now you ſpeak of Fa-'ther *Pedro*, cries *Aſpaſia*, I can tell you, that of 'late he is mightily in favour with *Meſſalina* and 'the Count, and he ſeems to ſhare all the favours 'of her good opinion; and to ſpeak the truth, 'Father *Pedro* has all the qualifications in the 'World, that may be requiſite for the Conqueſt 'of the moſt ſtubborn Ladies heart; for beſides the 'advantages of a comely Face and Perſon, he has ſo 'many pretty ways of inſinuating love and friend-'ſhip, that the Queen her ſelf has told me, *That next to Count* Davila, *ſhe did not know a Perſon in the World ſo charming in his Converſation as Father Pedro:* 'You ſpeak, reply'd the ſuppos'd *Sebaſtian*, 'ſo feelingly of the Merit of Father *Pedro*, that I 'have reaſon to fear and reſent him as a Rival; 'and I can hardly aſſure my ſelf I have reaſon to 'boaſt of your Favours, till I can hear you ſpeak 'with more indifferency of him. But tell me, 'my Dear *Aſpaſia*, ſays he, How long have you 'obſerv'd *Meſſalina*'s ſo advantagious Opinion 'and Character of Father *Pedro*; the Count, in-'deed, as well for his former acquaintance in *Italy*, 'as for the Character he bears of the High-Prieſt's 'Legate here, may give him a pretence to ſome 'ſmall ſhare in *Meſſalina*'s thoughts; but as there

'can

'can be no such reason on the other side, so I cannot 'but wonder, by what Charm Father *Pedro* could so 'of a suddain advance himself into the favour of the 'Queen: *Ask me no more, my Dear, replies* Aspasia, *to tell what I am both by Honour and Interest obliged to conceal, and assure thy self that the same motive that induceth the Queen to respect Father* Pedro, *will oblige Father* Pedro *to be both thy Friends and mine, and all of our Profession:* 'Accept then, Dear *Aspasia*, 'frome this moment, says he, *Pedro's* assured Love 'and Friendship; *Pedro* can ne'r forget the favours 'of this night, Favours by Fate design'd alone for '*Pedro.* At the pronouncing these last words, he rais'd his Voice a little, and withdrawing the Curtains, he at once discover'd the Counterfeit *Sebastain*, and the real *Pedro.* *Aspasia*, who at the latter part of his Words, had perceiv'd not only the Deceit, but the Deceiver, seem'd to be in the greatest confusion imaginable, till Father *Pedro* first imploring her pardon, told her, *He was extreamly sorry, if he rob'd her of the satisfaction of a more worthy Bedfellow, that Fortune, and her Maids unwitting importunity, had prevail'd with him to lay hold of, and improve that lukie minuite which his inclination, though with despair, had often made him wish for, that by his future endeavours and services, he hop'd to make her sensible that* Sebastian *was was not the only Man in the World worthy of her favours; and in the mean time he beg'd her impartially to consider whether it could be in the power of Man to resist so powerful Temptations, as yielding Beauty and perswasive Opportunity.* *Aspasia* having with abundance of Patience heard the wanton Priest's Apology, had by this time very well recover'd out of her amazement, and having first reflected on the good Behaviour of the Priest in Bed, and the bad consequences that arise from a discovery of this Nights

Intrigue

Intrigue, ſhe thought it her beſt way to make a virtue of neceſſity, and cloſe with the Prieſt without farther jangling, ſhe remember'd the Character ſhe her ſelf had given him, and had now experimented the height of his perfections, ſhe could not perceive her ſelf a loſer by the change, nay, rather ſhe had all the advantage of the bargain, nor could the ſtrangneſs of the Accident afflict her, ſince the ſatisfaction of her life lay chiefly in Intrigues; having briefly run over theſe conſiderations to her ſelf, ſhe turns her ſelf with a great deal of aſſurance to her Lover, and throwing her Arm about his Neck, ſhe tells him, that ſince he had been an Ear Witueſs of her good Opinion of him, ſhe thought it now to no purpoſe to diſſemble; that though ſhe had not deſign'd her favours for him at that time, yet ſhe was too well ſatisfied of his merrit to find fault with the error; that if ſhe apprehended any misfortune to her ſelf, it was her fear that he had not found the treaſure anſwerable to his hopes and expectations, and that conſequently ſhe might find her ſelf leſſen'd in his good Opinion hereafter; the crafty Prieſt, who by this nights Accident had, to his thinking, laid a ſure foundation to all his future Projects, huggs the well-pleas'd Lady in his Arms, and after a thouſand reciprocal Wantonneſſes, they ſwear an inviolable Friendſhip to each other: Father *Pedro* repeats to her all the deſign and project of advancing and ſettling the *Pagan* Intereſt during *Lycogenes* his life, and, engages her to preſs the Queen continually to come to a ſpeedy Reſolution as to the point of Regency and Succeſſion; prevails with her to give him a faithful account from time to time of all Tranſactions between the *Count* and *Meſſalina*, as alſo to give him her aſſiſtance in any matters he ſhould propoſe hereafter; to all which *Aſpaſia* readily Aſſents and ſolemnly Swears; and now the

Morning

Morning being much advanc'd, *Pedro* takes leave of *Aſpaſia*, and prepares to dreſs, when *Cleone* knocks at her Ladys Door, to know if ſhe were ſtirring; *Aſpaſia* deſires *Pedro* to retire into a Cloſet, and ſlipping on her Night Gown opens the door to *Cleone*; the Maid having a while before ſeen *Sebaſtian* with ſome Company walking in the Court Yard, merrily ask'd her Lady when the Lover got out, for that ſhe had not ſeen him go; *Aſpaſia* fearing *Sebaſtian* might ask *Cleone* queſtions, thought it her beſt way to acquaint her with her own miſtake, and bid her wait a while for her farther Inſtructions; the Maid had juſt retir'd to the Window of the Withdrawing-Room, when ſhe ſtraight runs back and tells her Lady ſhe ſaw *Sebaſtian* in the Court below making towards her Lodgings; *Aſpaſia* in a great fright runs to the Cloſet, and deſires *Pedro* to be ſilent and ſtill, for that *Sebaſtian* was coming; Father *Pedro* who by this time had got himſelf dreſs'd, thought it would be tedious ſtaying there, and immediately opens the Cloſet Door and marches off, having juſt got to the door going into the Gallery, he pops juſt upon the Queen and Count *Davila* going to the Moſque at St. *Jaques*; *Sebaſtian* had got up among the Queens Retinue and had perceived Father *Pedro* coming out of *Aſpaſia's* Lodgings, he began to ruminate with himſelf what buſineſs Father *Pedro* could have there, and at that time of day, and reflecting on *Aſpaſia's* looſe Life, his jealouſie prompted him to think that he had loſt his Aſſignation, and had been ſupplanted the laſt Night by Father *Pedro*; *Sebaſtian* was but an Underling in the Prieſts Tribe in compariſon of *Pedro*, but was of a haughty revengeful humour; he was a luſty big Bon d Man, and had an indifferent good Face, he was a Renegado Chriſtian, and had by the influence and promiſes of *Aſpaſia*, while ſhe was in *Gaule*, been perverted to *Paganiſm*; he had had a long

Amour

Amour with *Aſpaſia*, and by her means had been preferr'd to the Brotherhood of the *Pagan* Prieſts; upon his Jealouſie aforeſaid he immediately repairs to *Aſpaſia*'s Lodgings, to try if he could make any Diſcovery; *Aſpaſia*, to prevent queſtions, immediately chides him for his Diſappointment, he tells her he came not ſo late but that *Cleone* might have heard him knock; *Cleone* makes a little faultre in her Speech and confirms *Sebaſtian* in his ſuſpicion, and reſolving to be Reveng'dd, at leaſt on Father *Pedro*, he clears up his look and falls a toying with *Aſpaſia*, & owns himſelf to blame for ſtaying paſt the time; in the mean while Father *Pedro* having mingled among the Queens Retinue, perceived that *Meſſalina* & the Count, by the diſtance that the Attendants kept, were in private diſcourſe, & gueſſing at the ſubject of it, he thought it beſt not to interrupt them, ſo turning ſhort he retir'd to his own Lodgings; Count *Davila* having, according to his laſt reſolutions waited with diligence for an Opportunity to try the temper & deſigns of *Meſſalina*, had that Morning, upon pretence of imparting ſome News to her which he had lately received from *Italy* and *France*, been to wait on the Queen, who after ſome extraordinary marks of her ſatisfaction for his preſence, ask'd him to attend her to St. *Jaques*; This kind reception and invitation, confirm'd the Count in his reſolutions of diſcovering his love, and preſſing on the main buſineſs, ſo that he readily uſhers the Queen through the Lodgings to her Chair, and in one of her Coaches follows her to St. *Jaques*, where waiting in the Antichamber till the Queen had done her Devotions at the Moſque, he was ſent for by *Meſſalina* to her Cloſet. The Count was ſo confounded between hope and fear, that he trembled all over when he went in; he was conſidering what the conſequences of his Attempt might be, if by his over-weening fancy he ſhould have miſ-

misinterpreted the freedom of *Messalina*'s humour; it amaz'd him to think of the dangers he should lay himself open to, in owning Love to the Wife of a Potent Monarch, if she were pleased to put a bad construction on it, and in the least resent it; such were the doubts and fears of the Court before he came to the Queen: But alas! these glooming thoughts were soon blown over, for *Messalina* very graciously receiving him at the Closet-door, and with an extraordinary gayety giving him her Hand, after a turn or two, seated her self on a Couch, and commanded the Count to sit by her, and turning to him, ask'd him merrily, *what News?* The Count by this time was come to himself, and with abundance of assurance, grasping her Majesties Hand, told her, 'That the Fame of her Majesties Beauty 'and Merit had so taken up the Hearts of the People of 'Albion, that where ever he came, he could hear no 'other Discourse. *Well, my Lord*, replies the Queen, *I thank you for your Complement, and though I am Ignorant of the People of* Albion's *thoughts of me, I dare presume, my Character pass's with advantage enough in your Opinion.* 'It is 'now my misfortune, replies the Count, not to be able to 'express the sincerity of my Zeal to your Majesties Service 'any otherwise than in words, and that severity with which 'your over nice Vertues treats all your Admirers, limits and 'restrains the Innocent freedom even of them: I must confess, continued he, 'the high Station, Fortune and 'Merit have settled you in, may with reason render your 'Majesty regardless of any proffer of Service from me; yet 'since the necessity of your Affairs (as sometimes of the 'greatest Princes in the World) require the advice and 'assistance of your Subjects and Friends, I hope your long 'experience of my Truth and Love, may now prevail with 'your Majesty to make me the happy Instrument of your 'future Satisfaction.

The Queen who by the several remonstrances of her three Counsellors had been both press'd and convinc'd of the danger of her Affairs, and being partly overcome by the

Solicitations and Endearments of the Count in particular, resolv'd now to give a loose to her natural Inclinations, and thereupon turning to the Count, in a soft languishing Tone she reply'd, *I must at length, dear* Davila, *confess my own Frailty and thy Power, my haughty mind I see at last will stoop, and thou art Born to be my Conqueror*: The Count who was all this while in a rapture, throwing himself at her Feet embrac'd her Knees, extolling his own good Fortune and her happy Resolutions; he gave her Ten thousand Thanks for her preference and good Opinion of him before any of the Nobles in the Court of *Albion* that his whole thoughts and endeavours should be employ'd to make good her Expectation, and he did not doubt but she should in a little time find her self thoroughly disengaged from all sorrowful Apprehensions: This minutes Condescension and freedom, had so emboldened and assured *Messalina's* Heart, that raising the Count, who at every Word was pressing and kissing her fair Hand, she threw her Arms about his Neck, and in morous Sighs and Murmurs she whisper'd her Wishes in his Ears; Ten thousand times she kiss'd his Lips and Eyes, while with his busie hand he rov'd o'er all the Fields of Love, sometimes with eager hast he'd climb the Snowy Hills of Pleasure, and then as quick retire down to the Valies and Fountain of Delight and Love; *Dear* Davila, *in Rapture would she cry, Divine* Messalina, *would he reply; Ah! can you --- will you now refuse*, said he; *Ah! do not --do not ruin me*, said she; But the Count who through *Messalina's* Eyes saw the Temper of her Heart, resolv'd not to slip that lucky opportunity, and turning first to make the Door secure, he like a hungry *Lyon* seizes his trembling Prey and in his Arms conveys her to the other side of the Closet, and throwing her gently on the Couch thereby, in eager Raptures he lays open and unfolds her secret Treasure, and rifles all the Stores of Love and Beauty; And now *Messalina* having tasted the difference between a Vigorous Lover and a Feeble King, clasping her yet panting *Davila* in her Arms, *I shall indeed be happy now* said she, *unless the Stars*

and

and Heaven conspire against me, I feel at length my Croton sit fast upon me, and now my Fate is disengaged from the weak slender Thread of poor Lycogenes's Life, my Soul at length will reach its proper Sphere, and I shall with Pride look down and see my most malicious Enemi s bowing to my Royal Posterity; no more shall proud Albion *rejoyce over the Age and Weakness of the King my Husband, no more shall they Triumph over my Barren Modesty, then my dear* Davila *shall make their Yoke, and with a Gordian Knot, I'll tie it on their Necks; I am big my dear already with the Joy, and doubt not a happy result of our undertakings.* The Count who all this while lay Ravish'd with his Victory, was running over the whole Series of her Charms, one while he reflected on her high Quality and Station, and then her Beauty, Riches, and her Love, did so confound his Sences, he could hardly convince himself his Happiness was Real; sometimes he'd of a sudden grasp her Hands, Embrace and Kiss, doubting it was all Vision, Dream, and Fancy: Thus in these Transports did they dally out the time, till trusty *Aspasia* gave notice at the Door, that *Lycogenes* was come into the Forrest, and probably design'd for St. *Jaques*; this news strait rouz'd the slumbring wanton Lovers, and hasten'd the Counts departure: The Count conjures her to bless him speedily with such another opportunity; which with a thousand Kisses she assures him, and so he takes his leave; he had not well got away before Madam Marchioness *de Tonnage* came up, and finding the Queen in a very Pleasant humour, thought to engage her in some discourse concerning their last Consultations; the Marchioness being a great Bigot in the *Pagan* Principles, had been influenc'd by Father *Pedro* to stand his Friend privately, in gaining the Queens Favour upon this juncture, and by his subtle insinuations had been deluded into her Opinion, that it would be much more meritorious for the Queen in the case before propos'd, to make use of the endeavours of a holy Man, and that it was probable their business might better succeed if the Operation were begun by a Sanctifi'd person; these and the like insi-

insinuations had prevail'd with the blind Zealot to assure the lustful Priest of her Assistance and Interest, and accordingly finding *Messalina*, as is aforesaid, in a jaunty humour, she thought it now a fit time to move the business,

So making up to *Messalina*, she said, 'Tis not a little 'satisfaction to me, to see your Majesty at this time so 'pleasantly dispos'd; and as I do believe it proceeds from 'some considerable cause, so I should receive it as a peculiar 'obligation from your Majesty, if I might be made either a 'partaker or an assistant of your Joy *Thou shalt be both, my dear* Tomazo, reply'd the Queen, *and I shall give thee reason to take my Justice and my Friendship, should I let thee participate only of my Sorrows; No, no, my dear* Tomazo, *since by thy advice chiefly my satisfaction came, 'twould be unreasonable not to let thee tast the fruit of thy own works; I have at last o'ercome that subtile Disputant, Honour; I have reconcil'd those nice points of flashy Reputation, and begin to tast the solid pleasure of Interest and Ambition: I shall be a Queen now indeed, my dear* Tomazo; *the* Count, *the* Count Tomazo, *will make me a Glorious Powerful Queen: Rejoyce, rejoyce* Tomazo, *and let the* Pagans *of* Albion *all rejoyce*; Mahomet *now will surely hear our Prayers, the time will now draw near for our deliverance: Oh! that my Youth and Beauty should be thus long Curst to trifle with Age, and State-Impotency: Oh! How I nauseate my former Resolutions, when every scrupulous thought of Honour left me an Age of pleasure: Forgive my Indiscretion,* would she cry, *when with an awful Frown I'de check thy good advice: How have I fretted when in thy long and grave Debates thou would urge the necessity of*——*I thought Majesty could live without Support, vainly believing I could curb the Politition, as the Lover with my Frowns: Forgive me, dear* Tomazo, *since at last I am reclaim'd. The Court, my Dear, the Court will make us happy.* The Marchioness, tho amaz'd at this extraordinary humour of the Queen could not however, but guess how affairs stood; and though she had been pretty well satisfied of the Queens Resolutions to surrender, yet she thought she would have spent a little more

more time in Capitulation; however, since the main design was in all probability answer'd, she thought she could do no more than be sorry that the Count had outleap'd her Friend Father *Pedro*, and yet upon better consideration she did not believe it impossible, if matters between the *Count* and the *Queen* did not speedily answer her expectation, but that she might be able at last to make good Father *Pedro's* pretentions.

The *Queens* thoughts were all this while taken up with the *Count*, upon whose Name in sudden raptures she would often call; *O!! my dear* Davila; *my Life*, *my Soul*, *my Deliverer*, *my Protector*, would she cry, till the *Marchioness* making up to her broke off her Contemplations, by telling her it was late, 'and ask'd her whether she would 'go back to *Alba Regalis*? *Ay, any where*, reply'd the *Queen*, *so* Davila *be there*. The *King* who all this time was walking in the Forrest, had been consulting and discoursing with the Count of *Thunderland* and another, about establishing the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion*, he was deploring his unhappiness in the want of an Heir, and fear'd all his Endeavours without one, would prove ineffectual. The wicked Priest and other corrupted Ministers about him, had buzz'd the Necessity and the Merit of this so far, that Good *Prince*, he told them, 'He would be no way wanting to the fur-'therance and propagation of his Religion in his Kingdom. These Blood-hounds presently snapt at this Gracious Condescension, and communicate the same to *Messalina*, The *Queen*, who was conscious how fair a stroke she had made towards the accomplishment of their desires, and her own Ambition, told them, 'She would leave all things to the 'advice and will of the King her Husband; that she did 'not altogether dispare of the blessing of the *Gods*, and of 'bearing a Son yet to her Dear *Lycogenes*; but that at the 'same time she did verily believe, that if the Powers above 'were not pleased to raise unto her a Son of her own to 'inherit the Crown of *Albion*, and to re-settle the *Pagan* 'Religion there, nevertheless she could not in Conscience

'think her self disengaged from her utmost Endeavours to 'advance it by some other extravagant means; but as 'her first Hopes were not altogether as yet in vain, so 'she could not decend to particulars as to the other. The subtile Priests who saw both the Cunning and the Zeal of *Messalina* in this answer, went away with all the satisfaction imaginable, concluding now they had nothing more to do than to prescribe a due method for the management of a *supposititious Birth*, in case the *Queen*, which they extreamly fear'd should fail in her hopes, as they supposed of *Lycogenes*. But alas! poor Wretches; they shot extravagantly wide of *Messalina's* thoughts, while she could not choose but laugh, to think how pleasantly she had cajol'd them; She had had too long an experience of the Capacity of *Lycogenes* her Husband, to hope for the least encouragement or performace from him; and she had too lately found and approv'd the difference between the *Count* and the *King*, to think of leaving her business unfinished, or repenting the change she had made: No, no, she was so far from relying on the Weakness of her Husband, that she was now continually employ'd, in contriving Opportunites to meet and entertain the *Count*, and the satisfaction she had received at her last Conference with him, had so enliven'd her hopes of an answerable Success, that among her Confidents she would talk very assuredly of the Business, and would many times be Calculating the hour and time of her Delivery, as if she had known her self with Child by Inspiration. But alas! these were only the flights of a passionate Zeal, for when her more lucid Intervals would give her judgment scope, and free consideration, she found her principles too weak to infer so weighty Conclusions, and was loath to let her hopes rest on so weak a foundation. No doubt the *Count* had been as obliging as a Man under those circumstances could be expected, and the vast temptations of Honour and Riches, besides the enjoyment of so beautiful a Lady as *Messalina* really was, had without dispute put a double Edge on his Vigour and her Expectation, but notwithstanding

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her own mighty Faith, she resolv'd to have a repeated measure of his good Works, and accordingly sends him a small Billet by *Aspasia* to this purpose, 'Lycogenes designs 'within these two hours to go to *W*——and will not be 'back till to morrow; I design to go up the River, and lie 'a night at *R*——*d*, my Retinue will be very small; and 'perhaps I may wish for Company: I'll leave you to guess 'who would be most grateful to *Messalina*. The *Count* receives the Summons with Joy; and with all speed and secrecy prepares for the Assignation. The Queen took no body but *Aspasia* and the *Marchioness de Tomazo* with her: Within an hour after her Arrival comes the *Count*; the Ladies know their Duty, and discreetly retire; *Dalcia*, whose longing Appetite had, by his first delicious tast been encreased, now gluts himself in *Messalina*'s Charms, while her officious Fancy builds worlds of Pleasure for her self, and vainly flatters her with lasting Satisfaction: *Oh!* how sh'ed dote and rave, and kiss, then sigh'd, and in soft Murmurs wish, and wish, and then abruptly cease, and hide her blushing amorous Looks in the *Counts* Bosom: Thus did they dally out the winged hours, till *Aspasia* came and told them, the Countess of *Sunderland* with another Lady, were landed, and coming to wait on her Majesty; *Messalina* fearing they would stay all Night, as indeed they design'd, and not knowing how to bestow the *Count*, thought it best to go back to *Alba Regalis* that Night, and accordingly gives order for her Gally with all speed; and meeting the *Countess* on the Stair head, told her, She was just on her return, and giving her her hand, they immediately take Water and away: The *Count* also about an hour after, takes a small Gondola and follows. At this rate did the *Count* and *Messalina* correspond for two or three Months, and no hopeful appearance yet of what they had with so much assurance promised themselves. The *Count* even in *Messalina*'s Judgement, had acquitted himself with all the Bravery imaginable, and *Messalina* had not been wanting in her Endeavours to bring about a Business of so great Im-

portance to her Interest: She grieves, He wonders, at so strange a Disappointment, they mutually encourageing one another, they fall to fresh Endeavours, and love, and wish, and promise, but still in vain: *Messalina* had during this amorous Juncture, considered both her Pleasure and Interest, but finding that the feeding on the one would starve the other, she told the Count frankly, That she saw plainly her Misfortune, and that she must of necessity have recourse to some more immediate Remedy; that as she had intrusted him with all her Secrets, so she doubted not of his best Advice and Concurrence in a Matter she should propose, that she should still retain her good Opinion of him, and wholly imputed the Disappointment to Defects of her; That however she must make the best of her Affairs, and help out by Art what Nature had deny'd: She put him in mind of their Consult and Resolution, and that nothing but a Son and Heir could secure her Honour, and settle the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion*, she did therefore desire him forthwith to summon a Convention of two or three discreet Priests, together with himself, *Asiasia*, the *Marchioness*, and some few stanch Courtiers, to propose Methods for the due management of this grand Concern, and to engage *Lycogines* to consent to, and further, not only this, but whatsoever else they should in their Wisdoms think agreeable and necessary for the Advance of *Paganism* and the Extirpation of the *Christians* throughout *Albion*.

The End of the FIRST PART

THE

Second Part

OF THE

AMOURS

OF

Meſſalina

Late Queen of *ALBION*.

WHEREIN

The Secret Court Intrigues of the Four laſt Years Reign are further purſued; Particularly the

IMPOSTURE

OF THE

CHILD.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confidant of Q. *MESSALINA*.

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT *cannot be denied with how much Applauſe the* First Part *of this Hiſtory has been receiv'd in the* World, *according to the merits of it, which is in part demonſtrable, from the Account moſt Bookſellers give of their being daily importun'd for the* Second Part, *and there having been but one Party appear'd againſt it,* viz. *the* Pagans *of* Albion, *the Publiſher begs to be excus'd for being ſo Dilatory in Compleating this Hiſtory, not being able to bring in the Secrets of the* LEAGUE, *the* Amours *of* MESSALINA *and* Polydorus, *and other Intrigues of the* Gothick Court *into this Part, on the account the Tranſlator hath lain under great Indiſpoſition of Body, for near theſe three Weeks paſt, and it was not thought adviſable to*

in-

interpose the stile of any other; but he being now on the mending hand, you may expect the Third Part, *which Compleats the whole History, with all the speed imaginable; and he hopes it will prove in this as it does in* Mistresses, *whose put-offs and delays in matters of possession, does but more whet on the Gallants Appetites; so that when they have once attained to Injoyment, it becomes so Ravishing that their Lovers fancy themselves amply rewarded for all their forbearance and expectation.*

The Second PART.

THE *Pagans* of *Albion*, had from the beginning of the Reign of *Lycogenes* with great assurance expected some hapy, and speedy overtures for their eternal settlement in that Kingdom; Nor had *Lycogenes* himself been wanting in his endeavours to over-rule or destroy all that pretended to oppose, or question his proceedings against the Foundamental Rights of his Christian Subjects, he had already remov'd the most of them from all Places of Trust, and contrary to the known Laws of the Land had introduced Persons, by the said Laws incapable to Serve; he had Rais'd and kept up an Army composed of Mercenary's and Forreigners, not only to Terrify, but upon the first happy occasion to Oppress all that should contradict his Resolutions; he had for the first three years of his Reign, carry'd all things with so high a hand, that the People of *Albion* from the highest to the lowest, were

in a ſtrange Confuſion to think of the diſmal conſequences that would neceſſarily flow from ſuch Arbitrary Proceedings: and though they had by the ſubtile Inſinuations of a Court Party of Divines, been Poyſon'd with that pernicious poſition of Paſſive Obedience, yet they could not without a great deal of regret behold all the fences and incloſures of their Laws, and Libertiy's thrown down and trampled on, and be obliged to hold their Lives and Eſtates on ſo precarious Terms as the will and diſcretion of an Antichriſtian pack'd Councel: what related to the private ſatisfaction of the King's humour they did with all humility, and unexpected alaerity ſubmit and yield to, but when it was plain that the whole Kingdom was Deſign'd and Reſolv'd a Sacrifice, to the Intereſt and Ambition of a few wicked Councellours, and a ſmall party of Men, that had been by publick Acts of the Realm declar'd the Inveterate and Irreconcileable Enemies of all Chriſtians but chiefly of the *Albionites*, they then began to ſearch into the meaſures of their ſubmiſſion, and diligently to enquire how far they were obliged to pay Obedience to the Commands of their Magiſtrates and Governours; and realy upon the ſcrutiny they

plainly

plainly perceiv'd their own weakneſs, and the Impoſitions of their Enemies, who by this ſubtile Doctrine had enſnar'd them to ſet their Hands to and Sign as it were their own Deſtruction, ſeveral of the Great and Wiſeſt Men in the Kingdom, had been Debating on this Subject, and all concluded in an acknowledgment of their weakneſs in ſo manifeſtly expoſing themſelves and their Country to the Capricious Humours, or Tyrannical Principles that very often are found in the greateſt Princes, and therefore though from their very Souls they wiſh'd all happineſs imaginable to their King and Governor, yet they thought their duty ſtretch'd too far on the Tenter-hooks, when by a blind ſubmiſſion to irregular Commands they were oblig'd to forego the natural principles of ſelf preſervation, and that by ſeeking officiouſly to add to their Loyalty they muſt neceſſarily detract from their Judgments, Conſcience, and Honeſty: But *Lycogenes*, who by a diligent ſcrutiny, and long experience of the Natures of the people of *Albion*, (to his great ſatisfaction) knew how effectually the Doctrin of *Non-reſiſtance* (which he and his party, with great zeal and induſtry had inſinuated and promoted) had

wrought on his Christian Subjects, thought he had laid a very sure foundation for the introduction of those Novelties and Abuses we have since had impos'd on us, and was by the assiduous Instigations of his *Pagan* Councellors prevail'd upon to resolve the total Extirpation, or at least enslaving of the Christian Hereticks, as he call'd them, in his Dominions, and fearing that all he could do in his own life time, would be insufficient to assure and establish the *Pagan* Faction and Interest, unless he could find such a Successour as should confirm and strengthen what he should now begin, upon these Considerations, I say, he was easily wrought on to consent to any thing his Counsellors should propose for the benefit and establishment of *Paganism* in the said Kingdom, and now what more remain'd, than that the Priests consult and find the most convenient and speedy means to secure their own Interests to indulge *Messelina*'s Ambition, and to sooth *Lycogenes* his Bigotted Zeal: Several ways were propos'd, and some time spent in Arguments and Debates before they could come to a final Resolution.

The Christians of *Albion*, by several Acts of their General Diets, had their Laws, their Liberties, and their Religion secur'd to them

them, and in all, or moſt of their Aſſemblies for one hundred years paſt, they had one or other expreſs Law againſt *Paganiſm*, though none did ſo throughly diſable and leſſen their intereſt in *Albion* as that commonly call'd the *Teſts*; and though ſome good *Chriſtian Diſſenters from the Church of* Albion, were therein ſeverely included, yet they were chiefly intended for the diſcouragement and ſuppreſſion of that pernicious Sect of *Pagans* in *Albion*, *Lycogenes* his private Counſel therefore propoſed the taking *away* theſe *Teſts*, as a neceſſary Preliminary for the introduction of *Paganiſm*; the Project indeed was good, but how to bring it about, was the difficulty, for beſides that the general Diet would hardly be induc'd to abrogate thoſe very Laws which ſome of them ſo lately had ſtickl'd for and promoted, and ſuch Laws whereon their own and the Kingdoms ſecurity ſeem'd more *immediately* to *depend* (the *Pagans* having in all Reigns been proved the irreconcileable Enemys and malicious deſigners againſt the peace and welfare of the Chriſtians in *Albion*) beſides, I ſay, this difficulty, they were obliged to gain the conſent of Prince *Anaximander* and the Princeſs *Artemiſia*, the Preſumptive Heireſs of the Crown, for the Abrogation of the ſaid Laws, and this indeed was the

great buſineſs that ſtruck with *Lycogenes*, for as to what concern'd the election of ſuch Members as ſhould ſerve his turn in the next General Aſſembly, he bid them take no care, for he was ſure he could by his influence procure ſuch perſons return'd as ſhould effectually anſwer his utmoſt expectations: With all ſpeed therefore perſons are employ'd to negotiate with the Prince and Princeſs for their conſent aforeſaid, and to lay before them the ſincerity of his Majeſty's Intentions in that matter, and that his Majeſties great and only aim was for the more general accommodation of all his Diſſenting Subjects, and that as their Highneſſes could not believe that his Majeſty would reſolve on any thing to their prejudice, ſo he did not in the leaſt doubt of their Highneſſes ready concurrence in ſo pious an undertaking; but alas poor *Lycogenes* and his Penſionary Counſel had far overſhot themſelves, when they believed ſo wiſe a Prince as *Anaximander* could be ſo barefacedly decoy'd into an aſſent to a matter ſo neceſſarily and plainly prejudicial to his own and his Princeſſes intereſt, as well as to a Kingdom and People, they had reaſon to reſpect and take care of as their future loving Subjects, and preſent hearty Friends, they were not unacquainted with the meaſures

Lycogenes had taken from the beginning of his Reign, so directly contrary to the Princess his Daughters Interest, and pernicious and destructive to the Christians, and that by pure force he had already obtruded so many illegal things on his said Christian Subjects, that he wondered *Lycogenes* could pretend to make him or his Princess instruments of their further oppression and misery; such were the Princes resentments, and such was the result of *Lycogenes* his endeavours to make him and his own Daughter Parties for the Subversion of Christianity in *Albion*; and now immediately a grand Consult is called to consider of *Anaximander's* resolutions, and of some other way to promote the grand concern: In the mean time *Messalina* had been tormenting her self with the Apprehensions of her utter disappointment; for though she had kept a constant correspondence with the *Count*, she could not yet perceive her affairs go on so prosperously as she had promised to her self, and the loss of so much time, to her Ambition, did very much qualifie the satisfaction she received in her Amour; however tho' she had *promised* to repair to Art and Policy, to supply the *present defects of Nature*, she could not resolve to abandon the

Love and Service of the *Count*: Nay, upon mature consideration, she concluded, that the continuation of her Amour with him, could not be any way prejudicial to the other design they were now undertaking, for supposing she should really *conceive* any considerable time after the feigned report of her being with Child, the absurdity of the report of this could not any way be prejudicial to the real truth of the other, the assured Birth of a Prince being all that could be expected or desir'd; and consequently, any reflections on the other would vanish as a mistake, which Women in such cases are very often subject to. The *Marchioness de Tomazo*, would daily encourage her belief of succeeding, and promised her assistance, by imparting to her a Secret to help Conception; the *Queen* was wonderfully pleas'd, even with the Flattery of the old Matron; but for fear of the worst, was resolv'd to have the other Project speedily set on foot, she went to the King's Apartment immediately to hear what they had resolv'd on, and how it was agreed to be manag'd, where she found the trusty Cabal in hot and close debate: She had order'd *Aspasia*, the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, & *Father Pedro* to be there, & *Lycogenes* had introduc'd the *Count* & *Polierchetes*

orchetes the Chief Commissioner of his *Court of Conscience*, having *exrerienc'd* his Fidelity in matters of the *greatest* importance, and had rais'd him to that high Station *meerly* to be an *instrument* in his *future undertakings*.

Lycogenes upon the Arrival of the *Queen* arose, requiring the Company not to separate till they had wholly concluded on the means and manner of new modeling and setling the Kingdom of *Albion*, the *Queen* likewise as soon as she had seated her self commanded them to give her an account of their Proceedings. *Poliorchetes* the Chancellor then rising and making a profound reverence to the *Queen*, deliver'd his Opinion thus: 'It is not unknown, 'mighty *Soveraign*, how zealous I have been 'in bringing about and promoting whatso-'ever might be thought advantageous to 'your interest; nor do I now presume to 'recount my Services for any other purpose 'than to manifest my gratitude and wil-'lingness to engage again and again for e-'ver on any action and design *your Maje-'sties*, or this Honourable Board, shall think 'meet to prescribe; I know the wisdom of 'this Noble Company, cannot be wanting 'to appoint such Rules as shall for ever se-'cure the *Pagan* interest in *Albion*, and sa-'tisfie *your Majesties* utmost Expectation;

'notwithstanding since the nature of my 'Employments, and some years strict en-'quiery into the ways and Inclinations of 'the people of *Albion*, may with reason 'haverender'd me capable of judging of the 'most secure, and convenient ways to deal 'with them. I shallnot be thought vain if I 'presume freely, to deliver my opinion in 'this Matter. The *Albionites* where they 'have received Graces or Favours from 'their Princes, are like the wanton Ass in 'the Fable, ready to leap on their Master, 'and by the incouragement of two or three 'benefits, they sawcily approach him with 'their ill natur'd Jeasts, and constantly 'pester him with their rude Importunities, 'but when too much Indulgence has ren-'dred them Insupportable, do but show 'them the Rod, and like Children they 'shrink, and with patience submit to the 'Justice of your Correction; You remem-'ber their Insolence in *Perkin*'s Rebellion, 'when with unbounded Blasphemy they 'would threaten the Safety and Honour of 'our Royal Master, and yet the Sword of 'Justice was no sooner unsheath'd against 'them, but with horror they fly, and call 'even to the Mountains to cover them, you 'have heard with what patience they sub-'mitted to their Tryals, and reproached

'even

'even my Sentence with their *Baſe Servile*
'Sufferings, my advice therefore is to fol-
'low the example of the Great *Polydorus*,
'to get an Army of *Pagans* from *Iberia* and
'*Gothland*, and ſo to Dragoon them into a
'civil compliance, Oh! that every year
'would produce a Weſtern Expedition,
'I'de ſoon rid the Kingdom of all our An-
'tagoniſt's, and make every Circuit more
'Terrible than an Inquiſition, we have too
'long nurſed them with the Milk of our
'Affection, and like the profligate *Iſraelites*
'they grumble at their *Manna*, *Albion* has
'Surfeited on Eaſe and Proſperity, and the
'Feavour can't abate but by leting of Blood,
'let us make a full Harveſt of theſe Hot-
'headed Chriſtians (as they boaſt them-
'ſelves) and at once root out theſe obſti-
'nate Diſturbers of our Peace: The Queen
'who was naturally of a malicious ſullen
'Temper, and who was not ignorant how
'ſtubborn and averſe the *Albionites* were to
'her Intereſt, had heard *Poliorchetes* ſpeak
'with a bundance of ſatisfaction, but being
'willing to hear what the reſt would
'propoſe, giving thanks to the Chancel-
'lour ſhe expected with impatience their
'Thoughts and Opinions. When *Pedro* riſ-
'ing up, ſaid he could not but Applaud
'the Zeal and Opinion of *Poliorchetes*,

'and

'and wish'd that his design could be as easi-
'ly executed as propos'd, that his aversion
'and malice to the Christians of *Albion* had
'inspir'd him with such desires of Revenge,
'that with *Nero* he wish'd they had all but
'one Neck, and that he among his Frater-
'nity, did not doubt to find thousands that
'would strive to be their Executioner, but
'that to his sorrow he fear'd the Chancel-
'lours project, however well design'd, would
'not be feasible, for besides the Alarm that
'Forreign Auxiliaries would raise through-
'out the Kingdom, the natural antipathy,
'that the *Albionites* had both to the *Gauls*,
'and *Iberians* was such, that they would
'incontinently rise to Repel and Destroy
'them, and that if those Forreigners should
'fail in their Attempt, the reproach of the
'design would be wholly thrown on *Lyco-*
'*genes* and his Court, and that it would
'beget so implacable a malice in the Heart
'of the *Albionites* (who were most of them
'Christians) that he might justly fear a
'general revolt, and thereby the total ru-
'ine of the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion* for e-
'ver, his opinion therefore was, that they
'should rather ensnare and delude them,
'and so at advantage cut them off and
'destroy them, tis known said he how
'wonderfully our fraternity have promoted

'the

'the *Mahometan* Intereſt by their ſubtile and
'ſecret Plots and Contrivances, have not
'we by fomenting and raiſing Diviſions be-
'tween the Regular and Diſſenting *Chriſti-*
'*ans* in *Albion* more weakened the ſtrength
'of the pretended Reformado's than ever
'*Polydorus* by his Dragoons or Contributi-
'ons? *Albion* (with ſubmiſſion to the *Chan-*
'*cellor*) is not by publick Hoſtility to be
'forc'd, they are valiant in their Natures,
'and ſtubborn in their Principles, and
'though the hopeful Doctrine of *Paſſive*
'*Obedience* and *ſweet Non-reſiſtence* has been
'uſeful unto us, and lull'd them for a while,
'yet it may be dangerous to raiſe thoſe
'*ſleeping Lions* within them, leſt we too
'late *repent* our over-fond Credulity, and to
'our ſorrow feel the effects of their *reſent-*
'*ments*; ſet your Policies on work if you
'wiſh to prevail, and if you muſt *ſtrike*, let
'it be in the *dark*; we all of us know we are
'ſick, and out of order, but few of us con-
'ſider the root and cauſe of our diſtemper,
'all diſintereſſed perſons would think at
'firſt view, that we were now in a hopeful
'way of thriving, we have a King not only
'a *Pagan* and our Friend, but zealous and
'reſolv'd to go through with his work; but
'alas is reſolution ſufficient without means?
'Tis true, by his power he can ſecure us for

'a while; but what will that signifie to a 'lasting satisfaction? How do our Enemies 'wait and gape for his death? And with the 'hopes of revenge after his dissolution they 'patiently submit to their present Imposi-'tions; we know the main Pillars whereon 'they all lean, *Anaximander* and *Artemisia* 'are their delight and their hope, the Prin-'cess *Philadelphia* waits too in reversion, and 'from *these three* do spring all our fears and 'misfortunes, and I and my Brethren bear 'the Title of our great Prophet, and suffer 'his Cause to be shaken by the weak inter-'cession of *three single Lives*; Oh Holy *Loy-'ola*, our first Holy Patron and Founder, 'how would thy mighty Spirit fret and 'and grieve within thee, shouldst thou see 'the *degenerate baseness* of thy unworthy 'Followers? Where are the Records of all 'our Glorious Hero's that have trod on the 'Necks of Emperors, and pierc'd the Hearts 'of Kings, to propagate and vindicate our 'Holy Religion, can we forget *Borgia*, *Cle-'ment*, *Ravilliac* and others, who have free-'ly Sacrific'd themselves for their Religion, 'and for reasons less considerable than ours, 'and can we tamely remit all our present 'Advantages, and be baffled of our *future 'hopes*, by the weak puny opposition of 'three petty pretenders? No, no, continued

he, let us lay hold on the *present* opportunity, and at once finish our long wish'd for deliverance: These *three* must fall a Sacrifice to our Prophet, and from the removal of that cause will all our other Apprehensions cease.

Father *Pedro* had always bore such reputation with *Lycogenes* and *Messalina* that they look'd on his Counsels little inferiour to Oracles, and though the execution of them had always prov'd prejudicial, through their great violence, to the *Pagan* Interest, yet they could not but value the sincerity of his meaning, and always applauded his wise apprehensions, they knew his proposals in this Zealous Oration were very consonant to reason, and agreeable to their true interest, but knowing that the Eyes of all *Europe* were upon these three Princes, and that the least baseness and imposition upon them would engage all *Christendom* in their quarrel, they could not so readily *conclude*, or resolve upon any violence against their persons; besides, *Pedro* in a small Apology afterwards insinuated to the Company, the *inconvenience* of letting the King know any thing of this Project, if happily they should all agree upon it. *For* (said he) *though I know Lycogenes's Zeal would make him overlook a*

thousand difficulties, yet nature and conscience could not with any decency or reason be suppos'd capable of being so wholly obliterated as to consent to any barbarity upon the persons of his own children; but again, what may prove a sufficient ground of scruple in him, may at the same time leave us free and disinterested from every thing and person that stands in opposition to our designs. The Company however upon the Considerations aforesaid were very unwilling to engage in *Pedro*'s Resolutions or Proposals, and incontinently desir'd the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, to give her opinion of this grand Affair. The *Marchioness* who had *been* a Woman of Amour most of her time, and who now, though *Age* had *ungenerously* depriv'd her of *the power to please*, was very fond and Ambitious of being thought a Woman of *Intrigue*, had heard the violent Counsels, and Proposals of the *Chancellor* and Father *Pedro* with a great deal of *impatience* and *displeasure*; she could not digest those rough and hard terms of cutting of Throats, Poysoning, or Assassinations, she had been always us'd to Amorous Sighs, *Billet deux*, and Assignations; therefore rising and making her Compliment to *Messalina*, and giving a hard look on *Poliorchetes* and *Pedro*, she

she thus began: *'Tis not without the greatest regret imaginable, that I find my self obliged to contradict persons whose known wisdom and experience in the world may with reason claim an entire submission of judgment from me, and though the command and service of her Majesty, may sufficiently apologize for the freedom and liberty of my opinion, yet I doubt not from the nature of the business in hand to prove that what both these honourable persons have delivered as their opinions, if followed, will be inconsistent with the safety of her Majesty, prejudicial to the* Pagan *interest in* Albion *for ever, and extreamly difficult, if not impossible to be brought about; nor do I need to say much to dissuade this Honourable Company from the following their proposals, since* Father Pedro *has already evinc'd and made clear the fallacy of the* Chancellor's *project, and the rest of the Company have sufficiently shew'd their dislike of Father* Pedro's; *I shall now therefore proceed to give my opinion, and if I shall have the good fortune to convince your reasons, and draw you into a concurrence, you will then be so just to believe that the freedom of my censure proceeds from other causes than that of meer contradiction; we all agree in the main point, that some course must be taken for re-establishing and securing the* Pagan *Interest in* Albion, *so as that it should not*

Seem entirely to depend on the uncertain life of the King, *and though the opinion of my self and the* Count Davila, *who doubtless receives all his measures from the Conclave, and from* Boanerges *the High-priest, have been by these two Gentlemen opposed, at least neglected, yet I have not been so apprehensive as to hear any new thing proposed, as is capable of making me or the* Count *recede from our former resolutions, I am sure if it take 'tis the only effectual way to preserve us entire; I am as sure 'tis as easie, as in a matter of that importance can be wish'd, it may be brought about with so little discomposure of the publick peace, that it shall rather gain the general applause of the Kingdom; will not the attaining our desires answer all expectations? what necessity of cutting those Throats which with abundance of ease we can make instrumental and accessary to our designs, the supposition of an Heir Male quashes all other pretenders in a moment; and surely* Albion *is not so barren or ill natur'd as to deny* Lycogenes *a Son. No, no,* (replys Poliorchetes, interrupting the *Marchioness*) *we have daily experience of the fruitfulness of the Women of* Albion, *but yet we cannot apprehend how* Lycogenes *can expect to reap where he has not had the power, or the will to sow: The will indeed* (said *Aspasia* sighing) *I believe her Majesty can vouch for, but to the sorrow and*

confuſion of us all, he wants the power: Let us then (continued the *Marchioneſs*) *no longer deplore, but endeavour to ſupply thoſe unfortunate defects of the King our Maſter, conſider on what nice points our Honour and Intereſt depend, time will not ſtay for vain and fruitleſs wiſhes, and if we ſlip ſo fair an opportunity, we ſhall ſeem to deſpiſe providence, ruine our intereſt for ever, and fall the reproach of our Enemies, and unpitied by all the* Pagans *throughout the World. Polyorchetes* had heard theſe laſt words with wonderful ſurpriſe, for his thoughts having run wholly on the extirpation of the *Chriſtians* by Fire and Sword, he had not ſo much as dream'd of any poſſibility of milder means, and now gueſſing at what the *Marchioneſs* had inſinuated, he was extreamly tickl'd with the project, and deſired the *Marchioneſs*, That ſince ſhe had propos'd ſomething extraordinary, ſhe would be pleas'd to explain her ſelf, ſo as that they might endeavour to ſolve any difficulties that might ariſe upon a ſtrict examination of the deſign: *The difficulty's* (reply'd the *Marchioneſs*) *are ſo ſmall, in compariſon of that advantage we ſhall reap, that among us they will not admit of a diſpute; beſides, we have had a preſident of what I propoſe, which though it miſcarried in the main, yet it*

was not for want of power, but will of some Partys concerned to bring it about; That an Heir is absolutely necessary to confirm and settle our otherwise fading hopes we all agree; and shall not we submit to necessity, and endeavour to restore by art what envious nature, or curst fortune have ruin'd or withheld? It must be so, (reply'd Messalina) it must be so, and there is no other to uphold my tottering Crown: It must be so, and yet my boding Soul foretells it won't succeed; these saucy Albionites, will still be prying, and every step I make will have remarks. Rejoyce, Dread Soveraign, (reply'd Polyorchetes) (who had already taken that hint) the Marchioness has in one word finished what the united strength of my dull brain could ne're attempt, but now the game is up, I'll keep the scent, and work it on to a desired perfection. Why should your Majesty (reply'd Pedro) despair at all of due success? Does your Majesty want power, or friends, or opportunity to act what a Predecessor and Namesake with so much disadvantage had effected if Philippo had prov'd but half so generous as is the brave Lycogenes: Can you doubt the success of any Enterprise when you have so powerful assistance even from your Enemies? Could she carry on a design of the same nature even to the brink of performance, so as to amuse, nay, to convince all orders of the Kingdom of the reality

reality of it? And can you doubt at last of failing? She had a sharp-sighted Parliament, near five hundred of the wisest in the Kingdom to combat with, who were strict in their observance, suspicious of her dealing, and resolute against any imposition; she had the Nobility on one hand, the King her Husband of the other; and yet she baffled all but that narrow-hearted Prince, who like the Dog in the Manger could neither eat the Hay himself, nor would suffer the Horses; he had seen himself incapable of re-establishing the Pagan interest by the assurance of an Heir, and was so covetous and mean as to hinder the propagation of it by another, whereas your Majesty stands on sure grounds, you have a strong party in the Court of wise and able men to advise you, you have a potent Army ready to protect and defend you, but above all you have a Husband and a King to assist, and further you; who dares even suspect you? who would presume to prove you? By your word, you create an Heir, and your command settles the Kingdom for ever. Thus *Pedro* spoke, and a general applause run through the whole Company, there remain'd only *Aspasia* and the Queen to give their Sentiments and Opinions, and *Aspasia* declaring in short, that Father *Pedro* had wholly satisfied her thoughts and desires in this juncture, and that she wholly submitted to th-

the judgment of the Queen. *Messalina* raising her self, briefly gave her resolution thus: *Nothing can give us greater encouragement and assurance of success, than the zeal and fidelity of you our beloved Counsellors, and since our business presseth for a speedy conclusion, I shall need say no more, than that I do, and shall assent to what the Majority of you,* viz. *the* Marchioness de Tomazo, Aspasia, *and* Pedro *have laid down; there remains therefore no more but that you immediately consult of the manner and method of bringing it on, and from time to time to communicate your advice to us; I advise and think fit that* Boanerges *the High Priest our most Holy Kinsman, have timely notice of your proceedings, as also* Polydorus *our Royal Friend and Ally, that they may take care to order Affairs in Forreign Parts, so as that we may have the universal assistance of all our Friends to promote a Project so highly advantageous to all their Interests.*

This gracious Speech and Condescention was received with unspeakable joy by the Counsel, and Father *Pedro* stepping to the Door, gave orders for private Thanksgiving throughout all the *Mosques* in *Albion*, as also for Processions, Feasts, and other expressions of joy; and having again seated himself, they immediately

fall close to the point. The first business they resolve on is, That being five in number, *viz.* the *Count*, *Pedro*, *Polyorchetes*, the *Chancellor*, the *Marchioness de Tomaz*, and *Assasia*, they severally have several Employments and Offices assigned them, for the more effectual and speedy accomplishment of their business. The *Count* who by his Office and Interest with *Boanerges*, could claim a Domination over the *Pagan* Priests, was to summon a Convocation, and to give them instructions how to disperse the News of her Conception, and to insinuate, as if by Divine Inspiration they knew it would be a Prince, as also to quash any Objections or Doubts concerning it, and to make remarks of the persons: Father *Pedro* was to be made one of the Privy-Council, and as he was one of the chief Contrivers at first, so now he was to enliven and confirm the report of the Queens Conception at the publick Board, and to represent it with all the seeming Candour imaginable, he was to silence all Disputes and Contests that might happily arise upon it, and to make motions to the Board, to give such order concerning her Majesty, and the Child, as should gain a General

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Approbation and belief throughout the Kingdom, and though there arose a Controversie whether it were not fitter for some other *Pagan* Lords of *Albion* to espouse this part, yet they soon concluded on the ability of *Pedro*, who was better qualify'd to represent it in handsom Colours, and consequently would go down the glibber, and pass secure with the people, seeing they had so good Vouchers as Privy-Councellors: The *Chancellor* being a Man of an hardned Constitution, was appointed to wait with diligence against the time of the pretended Birth, and by a positive Asseveration, if any suspicion should arise (as in all Cheats probably may happen) he was to maintain the *Rem in Re*, which from so grave a person as the chief Judge of Conscience, would surely be believ'd, and as readily assented to, as the words of an Oracle: *Asiasia* being concern'd so near *Messalina* as Lady of the Bed-Chamber, *&c.* She was to Caress the Ladys with the joyful News of the Queens Conception, and from time to time insinuate passages belonging to Child-bearing, to give an account of the growth of the Burthen, and to make the thing feasible she was to carry.

on a ſuſpicion or fear of a Miſcarriage, and it being once granted that ſhe could poſſibly Miſcarry, included the belief that ſhe was really Teeming: And now there was none but the Marchioneſs remaining, who being a Woman, as is before ſaid, of a quick Judgment in Intrigues, and who knew well how to manage an Impoſture of that nature, it was laid upon her with Secrecy and Aſſurance to procure two or three young wholſome Women whoſe time of Delivery ſhould critically agree with the Queen's time allotted and ſet down by this Councel; the Marchioneſs was not diſſatisfied with the Task, though ſhe could not but be ſenſible it requir'd depth of Judgment, a great deal of diſcreet Enquiry, and continual Care to manage them to a Hairs breadth, leſt any unlucky accident might ſpoil the whole Intregue, but upon a little conſideration ſhe remembred ſhe had heard an Inkling of a young Kinſwoman of her own, how that through weakneſs ſhe had been forc'd to ſurrender her Virginity to the Aſſaults of a young Spark, who had ſince forſaken her, and had withal left her a ſure pledg of his Love and Vigour, ſo that being ſo well encouraged at firſt ſhe readily ſubmits to the Commands of the

Board, and engages upon Honour to answer their Expectation; and now the generals being concluded on and appointed, they disperse, and forthwith apply themselves to their several Employments, and as a Prologue to their intended Villany, they give out, among their own Party, at least, the necessity of Unity in their Prayers to their Saints and the Deity, to send their Majesty's an Heir to succeed him in his Throne and Dominions, and to settle their Holy Religion in this Heretical Land, they cause Processions and Pilgrimages, Offerings and Supplications, to be made, first to the great Saint at *Loretto*, then to St. *Winifred*; and they cause *Messalina* to repair to several Waters that are famous Antidotes against Barrenness, thô at the same time they did not consider that the People look'd upon it very awkard and strange, that the Queen had never found out this way of preparing for Childbearing before; but such are the practices of the Pagan Religion, that the greatest Villanies and Rogueries they intend to commit are still preceded and usher'd in with great appearances of Sanctity; and now all things being in a readiness; the Queen declares her self publickly to be with Child, and Orders were given for

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publick Thanksgiving throughout the Isles, and in other Forreign parts; Rejoycings and Feastings were made by the Kings Residents and Ambassadors; especially in *Rome* and *Gaule*; as if it were not enough to impose so great a Villiany on the whole Kingdom, without enforcing them to prevaricate with the Deity in their Prayers, and to make Petitions for that which really was not; but notwithstanding all the Contrivance and Advice to carry on this Intrigue, the People, especially the Christian Nobles and Gentry of *Albion* were mightily surprised with so improbable an Accident; & though by reason of an Indisposition, which *Messalina* for some while before lay under, the Kings weakness and other circumstances, they could not readily free themselves from a suspicion of Treachery, yet they resolv'd to bear themselves with all moderation, and to have a diligent Eye upon *Messalina* and all about her, the first real occasion of dislike was, that the Queen did not treat the Christian Ladies of *Albion*, especially the Princess *Philadelpha*, with that freedom as the joy and pride of so great a happiness, if real, would naturally have prompted her to; for she would resent it highly if she could but observe any of the Christians making the least observa-

tions of her Breasts, Belly, her Look, or any other Symptome, by which Women in that Condition are easily distinguished; another great reason was, that she seem'd to slight the Pretensions of the Princess *Artemisia*, so as there was not the least intimation given her to be at the Queens Labour till within a very few days before she was Deliver'd; besides, the Confidence of the *Pagan* Party did strangely startle the People, when like Oracles they would affirm that of necessity it must be a Prince: These and many other material circumstances made the *Albionites* talk broadly of the business; nor were *Lycogenes* and *Messalina* ignorant of their Sentiments; however having the Power absolutely in their hands, they were resolved to cut that knot which they found impossible to untie, and since they had thus far advanced in a business of that importance, they resolv'd to go through and bring it about, though with a thousand absurdities and incoherences; for besides the alteration of her Reckoning, which proceeded partly from a fear of disappointment if the Woman that came first should have brought forth a Girl, but chiefly to amuse the Nobility and Gentry of the Court and Kingdom, who would doubtless have made

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it their buſineſs in behalf of the Princeſs *Artemiſia* and the Kingdom, to attend and watch that all things might have been carryed fairly and above-board; I ſay, beſides the alteration of her reckoning ſhe would give out upon every turn different places of her pretended lying-in, ſometimes ſhe would give orders for *R——d*, at other times ſhe would remove her fancy to *H*——Court, but in reality St. *Jaques* was the place reſolv'd on, for *Alba Regalis* the whole party diſallow'd, becauſe by reaſon of the multitude and concourſe of People that conſtantly attend there, ſhe could not poſſibly have been ſo privately Deliver'd as the Intrigue did neceſſarily require; beſides, there was no conveniency for the Child to be brought through the Galleries or Lodgings, but in the Palace of St. *Jaques*, there was a Seraglio and a Moſque adjoyning with abundance of winding by dark Chambers, ſecret Paſſages, Trap-doors and dark Corners, where not only one or two of the Women were with great ſecurity and ſecrecy kept till the time of their delivery, but where the Queen might have the Child foiſted into her Bed reaking and hot from the Womb, but in the heat of all this intrigue and deſign *Lycogenes* was unluckily

ly put in mind that by the Laws of *Albion* the presence of one or more of the Christian Prelates was to be at the Birth of every Royal Infant indispensably required; to resolve this difficulty a Council is immediately call'd, and after sundry debates it is concluded, that some way or other must be found to bring all or most of the dissenting part into a premunire, and so by aggravation either to endanger their lives, or at least to clap them up and secure them till the Queens Delivery; accordingly a flaw was immediatly found and the Prelates forthwith confin'd: and now nothing but the presence of the Princess *Philadelpha* was fear'd, but what cannot the craft of the wicked Jebusites bring about? that Princess had unfortunately complain'd of some small indisposition, when the Queen immediately takes the hint, and by the means of *Pedro* and some other Malecontents, she prevails with her Physician to perswade her to take a Journey to the Waters of *Baijæ*, though the Operation of those Waters was manifestly known to be contrary to the Princess's Distemper, they being loosening, and she wanting Restringents; but her absence was absolutely necessary, and therefore by any means to be obtain'd; the Princess accord-

according to their wishes leaves the Court, and they were resolv'd to do their business before her return; and now all things to appearance seem'd to favour the design, the time prescrib'd drew near, their greatest Adversaries were remov'd, the Court Party, and Pagan Priests, with daily Stories and Shams were amusing and taking off the attention of the Christians; all things seem'd smooth, and the Critical Minute was at hand, when news was brought to *Messalina*, that one of the Women was in Labour, immediately the Queen takes her Chair, and hastes over to St. *Jaques*, but before she had well ascended the Stairs, she was told, that Woman had brought forth a Girl, with which being for the present confounded, she descends, leaving before such Orders as were necessary; the other Women expecting their Times Daily and Hourly; and indeed ere three Days were over she receiving another Summons, repair forthwith to St. *Jaques*, she stays there all Night with long expectation of Success, early the next Morning she receives the glad Tidings that a Man Child was Born, which with all speed was convey'd to the Dormitory adjoining to her Bed-Chamber, in the same reeking Circumstances it was Born in, and having before taken care for the conducting of it to the Queens Bed, the Alarm is given at *Alba Regalis*, that the Queen was in Labour; *Lycogenes* had that Morning rose something earlier than ordinary, and had croft over to his own side on purpose to draw off the Men with him, and consequently to favour the Cheat, by leaving as few as possible about the Queens Apartment; in the mean time Madamoizell *de W——s* having before given the Infant a small Opiate to hinder its Crying for the present lays it gently in a large Warming-Pan made on

purpose, and lin'd with velvet for the more commodious and easie carriage, and the Queen rising under pretence of giving liberty for warming the Bed Madomoiselle unlades her vessel and leaves the Infant in the place appointed; the Queen strait returning to Bed the Room immediately fills, tho none were summon'd but such as *Lycogenes* thought were afraid to make a doubt or a scrutiny into the truth of it, or those whom *Lycogenes* had already prepar'd to swallow and favour the imposition; and now the pretended Prince being Born the *Pagans* of *Albion* begin their Jubilee, *Latroon* Governor of *Iberia* begins to double the Persecution of the Christians there, *Polydorus* by a strict Alliance and LEAGUE with *Lycogenes*, thinks of nothing but an Universal Monarchy, *Lycogenes* doubles the Oppressions of his Christian Subjects, *Messalina* boasts of the downfall of Heresie, and a perpetual Regency, during her Life: The poor Christians, especially the *Albionites*, though something apprehensive of the Consequences of this Intrigue, were yet by their constant Remarques of all Transactions since the Report of *Messalina's* Conception sufficiently satisfied of the fallacy and cheat, and resolv'd on measures which they doubted not would in a little time unravel the whole Mystery.

FINIS.

THE

Third Part

OF THE

AMOURS

OF

Messalina.

WHEREIN,

The Secret Intrigues of the Four last Years Reign are Compleated.

AND THE

Love Adventures of *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*,

AND THE

Late Queen of *ALBION*,

Made Publick.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confidant of Q. *MESSALINA.*

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

THE Bookſeller TO THE READER.

THE *Promis'd, and long Expected* Third Part of the Amours of our *MESSALINA, is here at your Service: And though ſome Criticks I am inform'd (and indeed my* Sale *tells me as much) have not put an equal value on the two foregoing* Parts, *the* Second *lying under the Repute of much Inferiour to the* Firſt: *My* Hiſtorian *makes no other Apology, than that the Fair* Meſſalina *had ſo many Engines at Work, in turning that great Hinge of the* Pagan Glory, *Her* Warming-pan Plot; *and her Hands and Head ſo full of* Politicks *on that Important Occaſion, that She then wanted Leiſure for* Intrigue

and Amour; *which indeed being the main Delight of the Generality of my Readers, might perhaps leſſen the Satisfaction expected from the* Second Part. *But ſince her Majeſties Departure from the* Heretick Albion, *has Tranſlated her to a more agreeable and natural Element, the* Pagan Court *of* Gothland; *her heavier and ſullen* Buſineſs *ſhe begins to ſhake off, and reſumes the lighter Air of* Love *and* Pleaſure. *And accordingly we dare, without Vanity, aſſure our* Kind Reader, *That the former Defects are ſupplyed in the Entertainment of this* Third Part *of her Hiſtory. An Amorous* Polydorus, *little leſs famed under the Banners of* Cupid, *than the ſometimes Glorious* Britomard *himſelf, lying at the Feet of the Adored* Meſſalina, *affords a little more Matter of Adventure and Diverſion. With this Recommendation to our little Volumn of the Great* Meſſalina, *We beg your preſent generous Acceptance. And if you find your* Meſſalina *warm with any extraordinary Spark for the Imperial* Polydorus; *you are to conſider, that the Sanctuary and Glorious Reception ſhe meets in the Court of her ever firm Friend, the King of the* Gauls, *have Inſpired her with no ſmall Gratitude to that MOST PAGAN* Heroe, *and* Champion *of her* Altars.

The Third PART.

LOVE could no longer brook this interfering Business in the Court of *Albion*; for seeing with Indignation, how Ambition daily had intrench'd on his Prerogative, he reassumes his long neglected Darts, and vows severe Revenge on his Rebellious Subjects. And now *Messalina*'s haughty Heart, which vast aspiring Hopes had long engaged, softens again in Gentleness and Love: She had seen the Languets of her Charming Count, and heard his gentle Murmurs with Compassion; she knew the great restraint he forc'd upon his Heart, when by reason of her numerous Attendants, and Visitours, he had not opportunity to breath his Love; sometimes a Wink, an Amorous Look, or Sigh, she would by stealth return; or otherwise, in some Ambiguous Words, she would discover her Concern and Care, for his endearing Passion; but in such dumb shows alone, as there were more than Three Weeks spent, e're she could possibly engage, or speak with him alone. During which time, her Beauty, with the Satisfaction of her Mind, was much improved; and that forc'd Abstinence, which her pretended Child-bearing had made her undergo, conduc'd as well to carry on the Cheat, as to revive some fading Glories in her Face, caus'd by the Fears and Apprehensions of Miscarrying. Now, in Triumphant Wise, she'd Walk, and Look, and with Disdainful Jests,

among her Confidents, Laugh at the weak dull *Chriſtians* of the Court. *Come Dear* Aſpaſia, would ſhe ſay, *let us no longer doubt of good Succeſs; let's every Year bring forth a Son, and ſtock the Kingdom with a Race of* Pagan *Princes; ſhall my aſpiring lofty Soul, ſtoop to the nice Deſtructive Rules of their inſipid Morals? One flight of* Pagan *Fancy quite out-ſtrips their heavy tedious Motions; and till now, our Fears alone have been our Bugbear Apparitions: With how much eaſe, did we Contrive and Finiſh what ſome faint puny hearted Creatures thought impoſſible? Oh how I am pleaſed to think how naturally I manag'd the Intreague: Didſt thou obſerve, how gravely ſome would ſtand; and when my feigned Groans and Cries, would reach their Ears, how then Officiously they'd ſhake their Heads, devoutly lifting up their Hands, and pray for my Delivery? Then, when my ſeeming Pains would make me faintiſh, with what Concern they'd Sigh and Whiſper, while I would gently graſp, and turn to thee, and ſmile at the Succeſs of our Invention. Come, Come, let's ſee this Darling of our Hopes, this Ground-work of our Everlaſting Joy; long Live, and Live to Reign, my little blooming Life, and Live to be the Scourge of our Curſt* Chriſtian *Foes; I'll ſwear thee, like another* Hanibal, *their Mortal Foe; each drop of Milk thou ſuck'ſt, ſhall breed an Age of Malice in thy Heart; A* Chriſtian's *Name ſhall grate upon thy Soul, and thou ſhalt prove the Plague of their Profeſſion; I'll breath my Spirit through thy tender Pores, and make thy hatred of them Everlaſting; Down, down ye* Pagans, *to your Great Deliverer; Adore your Mighty Prince, and your Redeemer. See how the baſe dejected* Chriſtians *ſhrink; ſee how they Tremble at his Awful Frown:* Albion *is once again Redeemed,* Aſpaſia, *and now my Crown ſits firm and eaſie on my Head.* Thus in Vain Raptures would the Queen break out, and boaſt her Promiſes to be Prophetical; but ſoon, alas, ſhe found her ſelf deceived, and all her Glorious Promiſes vaniſh of a ſudden. *Anaximander*, and the Princeſs *Artemiſia*, while *Licogenes*, and his

his *Pagan* Councellors, continued only to make some small Encroachments, and Breaches on the Laws of *Albion*, seemingly designing, for no more than a small Toleration of the *Pagan* Religion in *Albion*, kept themselves within all bounds of Modesty and Submission, to the King their Father; only in some small Remonstrances, they did Declare their Unwillingness to appear Parties in the Annulling, or Dispensing with those Laws, made purely for the Security of the *Christian* Religion, against the Practices and Contrivances of the *Pagans*; but when they plainly saw, their Own, and the Kingdoms Interest, resolved to be made a Sacrifice to the Ambition, and Covetousness of a small Party, that by the known Laws of the Land, were declared the irreconcileable Enemies of the *Christians*; they thought it then high time to look about them, and though they paid all the Reverence imaginable to the King, their Father; yet they could not resolve to yield their Rights and Inheritance, and hold precariously their Estates, at the Discretion of an *Anti-Christian* pack'd Councel; besides, by several Remonstrances and Petitions from the Chief of the Nobility and Gentry, they had been solicited to take them into their Protection, and to endeavour a Redress of their Grievances, and heavy Oppressions. *Anaximander*, being a Prince of a Vast and Generous Spirit, was easily induc'd to condescend to their Relief; for, besides his proper Interest in the Crown of *Albion*, which by the common Principles of Nature, he was obliged to Maintain and Defend; he often would revolve on the Glory of the Action, and how Heroick and God-like it would shew, to appear the Great and Glorious Champion of the Christian Religion, which by a Secret League, between *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*, and the King *Licogenes*, was resolved to be wholly Extirpated, and Routed out of *Europe*. Upon these Considerations, the Prince *Anaximander* immediately imparts his Desires and Resolutions

to the High and Mighty Lords and States of the *Low-Lands*, desireing their Lordships Advice and Assistance in a Matter of that Importance, to the Security of themselves, as well as all other *Christians*; which upon due Considerations, they with all Alacrity imaginable Grant: And now the Prince having a Gallant, though small Fleet, equipp'd with all the speed that could be, makes for the *West* of *Albion*, and with such prudent Secrecy were all things managed, that *Lycogenes* had not the least Intimation in the World of his Designs, till his Fleet was ready to Sail. *Messalina* had, that Night the fatal News arrived, assign'd Count *Davila* to meet her at St. *Jaques*, and the Marchioness *de Tomazo* in the Absence especially of *Aspasia* (who a while before was gone over to her Husband *Latroon*, Governour of *Iberia*) being her chief Confident, was order'd to attend. The Count, who had once or twice been Tardy in the Hour appointed, thought now by early Diligence to make amends, so that by Twilight he was gotten up into the Bed-Chamber, being a private Retirement for *Messalina*, during the King's Absence at any Time, or her Indisposition; where sitting down near the Bed, he waited with Impatience for the Queen; and in the mean time, was contemplating on the Happiness of his Enjoyments; by this time, Darkness had o'er-spread the Earth, and the Marchioness being to give the Orders for the Candles of that private Apartment, especially at that season, the Count found himself for some time very solitary, and without Light, and being about to make to the Door, he heard some stirring and breathing on the Bed, when drawing the Curtain softly, he could just perceive by her Cloaths, it was a Lady fast asleep; the Count was mightily amaz'd at first, but recollecting himself, he thought it doubtless was the Queen, who had retired thither before the Hour appointed, and had prevented even his Dilligence in coming; so without scruple, throwing himself on the Bed, he clasps

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the ſuppoſed *Meſſalina* in his Arms, and having in his firſt Tranſports run with his curious Hand o'er all the private Receſſes of her Charms, he was juſt preparing to attack the Fort, mingling with his Kiſſes, his ſhort Amorous Sighs, foretelling Tranſports, Extaſies and Dyings; when *Meſſalina* haſtily comes in with a ſmall Taper in her Hand, and calls: *Tomazo*, is not my Dear Count yet come, *Tomazo?* The Marchioneſs at the very Inſtant, whether the Amorous buſtling of the Count had operated on her waking Fancy, or whether by the Impreſſion of ſome pleaſing Dream, ſhe was thereto incited, Cryed paſſionately out, "Make haſte my Dear *Antonio*, "make haſte, the Marqueſs will be here and Ruine us. The Queen who had heard her ſpeak thoſe laſt Words, by this Time had opened the Curtain, and there diſcovered the Count, raiſed on his Knees between *Tomazo*'s Leggs, and in a poſture which plainly diſcovered the driſt of his Intentions; never were Three Perſons (for by this Time the Marchioness had wak'd) ſo ſeverally aſtoniſhed and confounded; the Queen with Shame had ſhown her Face glowing Red, and then with Anger ſtraigt grown Pale; the Count, though in that awkward Poſture, was ſo much confounded, he could not move himſelf, nor had the Senſe to cover the Marchioneſs, or his own Nakedneſs; but between Wonder, Anger and Fear, was wholly bereft of even Senſe or Motion: The Marchioneſs, whoſe Age and Experience had rendered her familiar with the ſame or the like Adventures, was not ſo much Aſhamed of being ſeen in that Condition and Poſture, as Apprehenſive of the Queen's Reſentments, if, as was probable, ſhe ſhould ſuppoſe any Amour between her and the Count, her Lover, and whom ſhe had but that Night appointed, and deſign'd for her own Uſe and Service. In ſuch diſtracted Thoughts and Manner, did they for a great while ſtand and gaze, and wonder at one another, without one Word between them, till

at last the Queen, whether heightend in her Fancy, with the pleating sight and intended Action of the *Count*, or upon due consideration, believing and judging, by the Words she had heard the *Marchioness* utter, that it was wholly a mistake on all sides, burst out in Laughter, and turning her Face a little, told the Count in Drollery, the Weather began to be Cold, and therefore he would do well to take care and cover his Mistress and himself. The *Count* with this short reprimand was thoroughly wak'd out of his Trance, and slipping off the farther side of the Bed, was bustling a long time to put himself in order, while the *Marchioness*, half distracted, rises and pulls the Curtains close about her; which the Queen seeing, She calls out to her: *What* Tomazo! *You are resolved then to keep the* Count *to your Self this Night*; and making to the Bed, She threw the Curtains again open, and discovered *Tomazo* in a fresh Confusion: By this time the *Count* had gathered a little more assurance, and coming from behind the Bed, he strait threw himself at *Messalina*'s Feet, humbly ask'd her Pardon, and told her, he hop'd she was not insensible of the fatal mistake he had like to have fallen in; and consequently, he doubted not of her favourable Interpretation; he was sorry he had first appeared in so indecent a Posture, and his continuance therein, She could not but believe the consequence of his Astonishment. The Queen, who upon a just consideration of the Circumstances, was sufficiently satisfied of his Innocence, was so far from being angry or disturb'd, that after two or three fits of Laughter, She threw her delicious Arms about his Neck, and with Ten Thousand Kisses Seal'd his Pardon: then turning to her dear *Tomazo*, She would Laugh, and say, Make hast my Dear *Antonio*, make haste; O Dear, my Husband comes! Alas, What shall we do? we are ruin'd Dear *Antonio*. Thus did She Droll on the poor *Marchioness*, 'till the *Count* put-

putting her in mind of the time of the Night, they were retiring to the Closet to Converse, when a Messenger from *Alba Regalis*, comes in haste, to give an account of an Express, *Lycogenes* had receiv'd from the *Belgian Lowlands*, giving an Account of the Preparations and Designs of the Prince *Anaximander*, to come and redress the Grievances of the poor *Christians* of *Albion*: the Queen (who was no otherwise read in the Politicks and Affairs of State, than as Father *Pedro*, the *Count*, or some other of her Priests upon particular occasions had Instructed her) was not at first so apprehensive of the Danger as the *Count*, who was so vehemently startled at the News, that without any more Complement than Bowing to the Queen, he descends and takes Coach for *Alba Regalis*; where he was no sooner Arrived, but he found the whole Court Alarm'd; and *Lycogenes* in Solemn Council was gone to Debate the Business: The next Day the News was confirmed by another Express, and then all was in an Uproar; *Lycogenes* in a great Fright comes to Council, tells them his apprehensions of *Anaximanders* Design, requires their best and speedy Advice, puts them in Mind of all the Breaches he had made in the Laws for their Sakes; and that now, without speedy Assistance, he was likely to be ruin'd, and the *Pagans* Hopes throughout *Albion* to be utterly lost. Such dreadful Words as these, and coming from a Prince that had been in every *Panegyrick* cry'd up and applauded for his Constancy of Mind, and Invincible Courage, did so amaze and terrifie his Counsellors, that they could not in a long time set their Hearts on any serious Consultation; some of them withdrew, then in again; presently others that had been absent, came Posting to understand and enquire into the Business; some would relate it as terrible as their Fears, and represent the numbers of the Princes Ships and Men double; here you should see a haughty Stiff-

necked Priest, come humbly fawning to a Christian Noble, as if confessing past Miscarriages and Crimes, he wish'd for good Conditions: Some would be packing up their Goods and Treasure, their guilty boading Consciences fore-telling their forc'd Flight and Ruine: But *Pedro* and *Poliorchetes*, the Chancellour, who were sensible they were likely to share the sum and substance of all unhappy Revolutions, thought it now no longer time to dally, or spend the precious Minutes in useless idle Fears, but to apply the most healing Medicines, that the present bleeding Wound would bear; and accordingly perswade *Lycogenes* to re-call several Edicts, that by their Instigation and Council had been promulg'd against the Interest and Safety of his Christian Subjects: And Father *Pedro* calling a Convocation of his Inferiour Priests, makes them Dis-robe, and in disguise to mingle among the Christian Assemblies, in the *Forum*, *Burse*, Temples, and other publick Meeting-Places, and there with Confidence to utter false Reports, to lessen the Strength of *Anaximander*, to cry up the miseries of a Civil War, to Extol the Loyalty of the King's Christian Subjects, to make comparison between young *Perkin's* Expedition and this, and thence to conclude positively of the like success: The Court party also of Renegado Christian Divines, were ordered to Preach up the necessity of Obedience and Loyalty, to withstand the Prince in his Attempts, and to brand his Expedition with the horrible Title of *Invasion*. These, and many other Arts were used to take off the Edge of *Anaximander's* Sword; sometimes they'd Brand His Royal Person with base and ignominious Names; other times they would think to terrifie the Rebels (as they would call all that should assist him) with the Exemplary Punishments, inflicted by the Chancellour *Polyorchetes*, in his bloody *Western Campaigne*: But all would not do, the Christians knew the

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Pagan Punick Faith, as well as Inhumane Cruelty, they saw their Laws, their Liberties, and Lives at Stake; and that now was the only time to assert and recover them; the *Pagan* Priests had often mock'd the King out of his most Solemn Promises, and *Messalina* had endeavoured to entail their Slavery upon them to all Posterity. Nothing therefore could stagger their former Resolutions, but like the Adder, they were Deaf to all their treacherous Charms, and false Insinuations: Notwithstanding, *Messalina*'s dauntless Pride could not 'till the Princes Landing stoop to the apprehension of any material Danger; she'd often chalk out time and place to see the fond weak Prince brought bound to *Troymovant*; She'd Laugh and Jeer at his few puny Forces, and would in every Table Talk defeat his whole Battalions; sometimes She'd call her Melancholy Lovers, whose deeper apprehensions, now had chang'd his usual Mirth; sometimes, I say, She'd call him to her, and reproach his needless Fears: *What?* would She say, *Can* Davila *suspect or fear, when* Messalina's *Heart is free? Can thy so much applauded Courage stoop to what a poor weak Womans Soul can stand? Stand did I say? by all that's good, this Hand shall bow the Neck of that poor Spirited Prince, that weak presumptuous Wretch, that dare Invade my Husbands lofty Crown: What my Dear* Davila, *canst thou lament? Hast thou a Diadem to loose, a Throne to be pull'd down, Subjects and Slaves to be destroyed before thy Face? These may create a Monarchs doubts and fears: What then should thy Eyes swell with needless Tears? Remit, remit, alas, thy useless apprehensions! I sure am the Center of thy Thoughts: In me thy utmost Wishes are determined; while then I stand secure, What need'st thou fear? Chear up, chear up, my dear lov'd* Count; *let us not lose our present happy Minutes, for vain weak doubts of future Cares and Sorrows.*

The *Count* both wondred and rejoyced at the great Heroick Heart of his beloved Royal Miſtreſs; and tho' he knew, and was perfectly ſenſible that her words were rather the effect of her dauntleſs Spirit, than of a ſolid Conſideration; yet he ſaw ſo much Love expreſs'd in her frequent concernment for him, that he could not but in common Gratitude and Honour, make her the ſame, or ſuitable returns; he therefore told her Majeſty, That his apprehenſion of being ſeparated from her, was without doubt, a ſenſible affliction to him; but above all he deplor'd his great unhappineſs, in not being able to afford more than his own perſonal aſſiſtance, to repell her own, and their great Prophet's Enemies; that he cordially wiſh'd the Prince *Anaximander*'s undertakings might prove as frivilous and ineffectual, as ſhe had declared them; that his great care of her Majeſty's Safety and Honour, was the only Foundation of his Fear; that he did indeed object the worſt to himſelf, but did not believe he had yet any reaſon to diſpair of the beſt; that he was ſenſible her ſuper-eminent Merit had render'd her Obnoxious to the Slanderous reproaches and envy of the Wicked Chriſtian *Albionites*; that the King her Husband's Zeal, in a good and pious Cauſe, had incurred the wicked Malice of his rebellious Subjects; and that if his Affairs (which Heaven forbid) ſhould happen to fail, it would be the total ruine and deſtruction of his Life and happineſs, to think ſhe ſhould fall into the Hands of her Enemies, or be leſſened in her Fortune or high Station; that therefore it was his humble and hearty requeſt, that ſhe would ſuffer himſelf, and ſome other ſelect Friends, to conſult and lay before her ſuch meaſures for the ſecurity of her Perſon and Honour, as ſhould appear to be moſt convenient; that providing againſt the worſt, would be no hindrance of her enjoyment of the beſt; but above all, that ſhe would give him her reſolution and firm pro-

promiſe to let himſelf accompany and wait on her in all, and every Misfortune that poſſibly could befal her. *Meſſalina* was raviſh'd with this ſo zealous and tender demonſtration of her Dear Counts Love, and in a loving tranſport catching his Hand and Arm, ſhe pull'd him to her on a Couch whereon ſhe ſate, where with unſpeakable Raptures ſhe would Circle her Snowy Arms and Hands, about his Neck and Waſt; Oh! how ſhe'd ſuck his Amorous ruddy Lipps and Cheeks, and with her Balmy melting Hand ſtroak, and preſs, and play with his Manly Neck, and Face, "Oh! could'ſt thou think "Dear Cruel Heart, ſaid ſhe, that e're my Panting Soul "could yield to part with thee, the Deareſt, bleſt Foun-"tain of it's joy; Fortune, indeed with rude or Imparti-"al hands may catch and graſp my Shaken, Tottering "Crown; but ſure my Heart and Will, are ſtill my "own; and being mine, who Dare Pretend to Stop, or "Claim what I reſolve to Share, to Give, to Keep for "only Thee. No, no, my Life, my *Davila*, continued ſhe: "If Fate or Curſt Inconſtant Fortune have decreed "my Seperation from this Ill-bred *Iſle*, Thou like my "better Genius ſhalt attend me, thou like my happy "Star ſhal't lead the Way: where e're we come we'll be "each others Heaven, and in thy Boſome will I place "my Land of Joy, and Reſt. With theſe laſt words they fell together on the Couch, and tir'd with buſie Love and Rapture, ſoon dropt into a gentle Slumber. Faithful *Tomaſo*, in the mean time was hovering about the Out-Guards to prevent ſurprize, and to divert the acceſs of any ſuſpitious Perſons: She had waited half an hour or little more, when comes a Meſſenger from King *Lycogenes* to *Meſſalina*, which brought account, the *Prince* was now at *Sea*, and with a numerous Fleet was making all the Sail he could for *Albion*: the *Marchioneſs* receives the Meſſage, and all in Tears repairs with open Mouth to the Queens Cloſet: the Queen waking abruptly at the

Noise she made, starts up, and with a sudden Shriek alarm's the *Count*; *Anaximander* comes, Dread Soveraign cries the *Marchioness*, he comes with Speed and Power and Swears to Unravel all? O Mighty Operations! the Count who had hardly yet recovered himself, was looking about when he had heard the *Marchioness* declare he was come, and putting himself on his Guard, swore he'd Defend his Royal Mistress to the last; Oh! that his Single Fate, Cries *Mesalina*, were to be oppos'd to thine: Inspir'd by Love and my auspicious Prayers, how would'st thou crush his Puny Soul. Soon should'st thou nip these daring Christians hopes, and with one happy blow secure our *Pagan* Friends and Interest for ever. In the mean time *Lycogenes* in late and early Councels, was contriving how to stop this overflowing Current of the *Princes* designs; he had observ'd an unusual blithness in all his *Christian* Nobles Faces, and was sensible that the Prince *Anaximander* could not presume to attack the *Albionites*, wirhout very good Incouragement from the Grandee's: however, with all his industry he was not able to learn out who were *Anaximanders* Abettors in this bold designe; Father *Pedro* and others of his *Anti-Christian* Councel were advising him to lay hold on, and secure all that he could but in the least suspect; but this being controverted was found too Violent, and more than the present Circumstances of affairs could bear; others suggesting the doubtful Loyalty of the great City of *Troynovant*, 'twas thought advisable to secure the *Citadel*, in some Peculiar trusty hands, and thereby to scare that Populous and Powerful Place into a just Obedience: this was found good and Feazable, and strait a new Commander is ordain'd, with secret orders how to manage things to the best advantage. In the mean time, the Prince *Anaximander*, steers away, and without any lett or hindrance, in a few days arrives safe at a convenient Haven, in the *West* of *Albion*; and now the Thread of Poor *Lycogenes* his Fate be-

began to crack, now he could plainly ſee the errours of his Government, and when it was unhappily too late, might Curſe the baſe deſignes of his pernicious Counſellors: now was he forc'd to ſtoop that Glorious Lofty Heart, which dauntleſs heretofore had braved the mightieſt force of *Europe*. How was he chang'd, alas, from that brave Invincible *Lycogenes*, that did through Clouds of Smoake and Fire, Charge through the *Belgian* Fleet, and with freſh Lawrels Crown'd, return'd in Triumph to his joyfull Country: now every little *Weſtern* breeze that heretofore did ſerve to blow and kindle up his flaming Courage, like ſome cold Peſtilential air damps his Miſgiving Soul; now Poor, forſaken of himſelf he ſtands, Conſcience alone of Ills paſt done remains his tireſome gueſt: Attend ye curſed race of wicked *Jebuſites*, ſee the Prodigious effects of your Pernicious Councels, ye Cloggs to Crowns, and bane of Power.

Empires to Shake, and Monarchs *to Dethrone,*
Curſt Race of Loyala's *thy Work alone.*
Kings, *Crowns, and States o're thrown! no more? alas;*
Thoſe Records *fill not half thy Leaves of* Braſs.
What need thoſe ſtor'd up Coals(ſcarſe worth Heavens *while)*
For mighty Doomsday, *Nature's Funeral Pile:*
Let Thee but looſe for th' Univerſe *o're turning,*
Thy Single Brand *would ſet the* Globe *a Burning.*

The Prince *Anaximander* no ſooner appear'd with his Fleet, but the *Chriſtians* all about the Country flock'd to the Shore, and with loud ſhouts and all other demonſtrations of Joy, welcomed the arrival of their great Deliverer: and ſeveral with Boats ſtock'd with freſh Proviſion put off and diſpers'd them about the Fleet, for the refreſhment of the Seamen and Souldiers, and having provided before ſmall Bridges and other conveniencies for the Landing his Army, and his Carriages, he found

himself in a condition within three days to draw up and muster his Men, who had by this time heartily recovered the Fatigue of their Voyage. *Lycogenes* in the mean time, though very much dejected, had taken care to Levy a Gallant Army, and it was one while thought a very doubtful thing, to which, to ascribe the Victory. *Anaximander* had not brought with him above Fourteen Thousand Horse and Foot, but those indeed Experienc'd *Veterane Bands*, very Compleatly Arm'd; besides, *Lycogenes* before the Prince landed, had at least Thirty Thousand well appointed Souldiers, so that when he began thoroughly to compute his own strength, and his Enemies weakness, he thought to take heart, and resolv'd for the greater Incouragement of his Men to appear at the head of them himself, and withal speed to give his Enemies Battle, and hinder their further Progress into the Country; but alas, while he was flatter'd and amus'd with the strength and bravery of his own Army, *Anaximander* was mustering and entertaining the Choice Young Men of all the *Western* Country: for the People considering the Cause, and that their Liberties and Lives, were now their only last stake, they came flocking in so fast to the Prince, that he had in eight days more Substantial choice Men than he could handsomely make use of; besides the Major part of *Lycogenes* his Army, being *Christians*, they could not but be sensible that those Swords that they should draw against their Brethren in the *West*, would at the long run be employ'd against their own Throats and Lives; and therefore, being already weary of submitting their Free-Born Souls to the Bondage and Tyranny of their *Pagan* Officers, they associate and take Council together how to free themselves and their Country, by either, laying down their Arms, or going over to the Prince *Anaximander*, and now the fatal Period of *Lycogenes* his Reign drew near, for first whole Companies, Troops, and Regiments of his Army revolt from him, and

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then his Friends and Near Relations, touch'd with the ſence of deeper obligations due to their Country, their Religion and their God: Thus the Trump being turned, the *Pagans* quickly find their diſadvantage of the Game, and in Confuſion, like diſtracted Men fling up their Cards, and ſcamper to ſecure themſelves from payment. *Meſſalina* alſo to her Sorrow ſees what hitherto ſhe never would believe; now *Pedro* finds the fallacy of his concluſions, while *Pohorchetes*, *Sunderania*, and others of that wicked Grue curſe their unlucky Stars, and ſeek in every corner for ſome place of refuge: Poor *Lycogenes* flies in confuſion from his diſtant Foes, not able to endure even the report of their approach: He that like another *Xerxes* ſaw himſelf begirt even with a world of Guards, now flies bereft almoſt of neceſſary Attendance: He no ſooner arriv'd at his old Pallace of *Alba Regalis*, but in haſt he calls a Secret and Solemn Council of all his few remaining Friends, and after ſuch Debates as the time would afford and permit, they reſolve to ſend propoſals to the Prince, who like a Swelling Tide had now o're ſpread the Country; and the danger being grown beyond recovery, *Meſſalina*, at laſt thinks it high time to prepare for her retirement, and with all ſpeed provide for her Security; the Young Child alſo by the advice of the Council was to be nicely taken care of, being likely to prove a very good after Game. The Queen therefore immediatly ſends for the *Count* to a private Conference, who as greedily comes, in hopes to perſwade her to a ſpeedy Flight: Juſt as he approach'd the Cloſet Door, the Queen all in tears gets up, and not being able for a while to ſpeak, leans on his Neck, and after many growing Sobs and heavy Sighs, falls Fainting in his Arms: never was Lover in ſo ſad diſtreſs as was the *Count* at this unhappy accident; call out he dare not, for fear of any Suſpition or ill interpretation of his being with the Queen alone; to go and leave her Dying as he thought, his

Soul could ne're agree to; how to assist, what remedy to use, where to get any thing to apply he knew not: distracted thus he Tore himself, and Rav'd, and Curst his misfortune, then would he kneel by the Couch whereon he had laid her, and kiss, and sigh, and Pray, and call, till at last the Queen coming to her self open'd her dying Eyes, and casting a Languishing look at her Dear *Count*, who was now in a bitter Agony of Sorrow, and hardly able to support his oppressed Spirits, she rais'd her self a little on the Couch, and in a Sorrowful manner lifting up her Hands and Eyes, recounts a fresh the sum of her Misfortunes: All, all, is lost, Dear *Davila*, said she, my Hopes, my Peace, my Joy, my Glories, my All. And if I have ought left me worth the Thought of Life, it is, that I enjoy thy Love. That Coronet's my own, though my Crown's lost. *Messalina* is now driven to the Fatal Period of her Grandure in *Albion*, a shock so dismal, that the Agonies of such a Fall, to such Soaring Ambitition as *Mesalina*'s, are only to be conceived by those that feel them. In her fit of Desparation (for 'twas almost come to that) she is Mrs. however of Reason enough still to provide at least against the Worst of shames, and Last of Miseries, her falling into her Enemies Hands, the *Christians*, a Danger at that Time much threatned; the united Murmurs of *Albion* looking up to no other Fountain, and Original of the Woes and Calamities, of the Pittyed and Deplored *Lycogenes*, then the Hot Counsels, or rather Inchantments of *Messalina*, and her *Pagan* Abettors. And how heavy the weight of such an *Inquisition* would fall, even her Flatterers are but too sensible. Her Flight therefore, being now the last Plank she has to lay hold off to scape sinking, she prepares a small Diminitive Yatcht, and hires (command she could not, so feeble is Soveraignty without Hearts) a handful of Select Seamen, all well bribed, and well sworn, privately, to waft her safe to *Gothland*, the only Sanctuary. (Such Uni-

Universal Enemies had her Politicks pull'd down) the World could yield her. Oh Zeal, Zeal, mad Zeal! what Humane Distresses, Miseries, Ruines are Thine, and Thy only Creation?---Nay, is there scarce that one Conflagration, that ever set whole Nations in a Flame, that has not been lighted by a Cole from an Altar? Unfortunate *Messalina*, and deservedly so, the late Royal Partner, to no less than *Neptune*'s Soveraign, the Oceans Lord, and the still Terror of the World, had not Zeal, Infatuating, Destroying, Dethroning Zeal, blazed out; Poor misguided, deluded, hard-fated *Lycogenes!* This very *Messalina*, of all those Floating Castles, the late attending Pageants of her Triumph, all those once Impregnable Famed Walls of *Albion*; left Mistriss of no more than a poor Cock-boat! Instead of glittering Flaggs, and flowing Streamers, ushered by all the *Tritons* of the *Main*, and as She past, Saluted by all the Ecchoing Thunder from the Shoar; now to Steal away by Night, Skulk like a Fugitive, obscured by Shades and Coverts! Yes, Destiny and Zeal have so Decreed it! For Sea therefore (such her Equippment, and such the hastening Cause that call'd her) She prepares; and takes with her, her *Tomazo*, *Sunderania*, Count *Davila*, *Sebastian*, and *Pedro*, and some others of her Cabinet Friends; the last Three only being a little Transformed, by Disguises of Buff, Scarlet and Feather, metamorphosed into down-right Militants: For indeed her Ecclesiastick Confidents, especially Father *Pedro*, were grown so notoriously Infamous, that they durst not trust themselves in their own Shapes, even with Sworn Hirelings and Mercenaries; not Gold it self being sufficient to purchase Trust or Safety. The Queen had but very little left, to save and carry with her, except her Jewels; for truly in spight of all that good Husbandry, that eminent and singular good Quality in *Lycogenes*; yet what with Standing Armies, and no Taxes (for he neither lov'd or pleas'd

Senates enough, for any new Donations from them) and from the continual daily Dreine, he received from those innumerable Spiritual Horse-leeches, that hung upon his Purse-strings, his Exchequer was but low. *Messalina*'s Jewels therefore, being all the Treasure she could save; those by Father *Pedro*'s particular Advice, were committed to the Charge and Custody of an *Italian* Priest, recommended to her by him, as a Heavenly minded man, a Recluse from the World, and who as a Person under a Vow of Poverty, of a Character and Profession above any Temptation, was the only man she could best repose that Trust in. Thus Embarqued, with their best Sails to their small Frigat; with a Fair Wind, and Prosperous Gale, they arrive at *Gothland*: for indeed the just Ordaining Powers, that had punisht her with the loss of a Crown, after so heavy a Wreck at Land, thought fit to bound their Indignation there.

From her Arrival in *Gothland*, the Scene begins a little to Change: For the *Pagans* there, with no small Homage and Adoration, resound her Welcome. The Entertainment she received, as peculiarly influenc'd by the Commands of *Polydorus*, was every where Splendid and Magnificent: I dare not call it his Bounty, or Generosity. For truly, all the utmost Services, Respect, Obligations, Protections, or Assistance; and indeed, all, and more then *Polydorus* has, or can do for *Lycogenes*, or *Messalina*, so near a part of him; are but poor and faint Returns, to compensate those Miseries and Sufferings, in which his own private Leagues and Cabals, and the too prevailing *Gallick* Counsels and Measures in *Albion*, have involved the ruined *Lycogenes*. With a Noble Train of Persons of the Highest Quality, and a Band of Guards, a truly Royal Retinue, is *Messalina* Conducted to the *Gothick* Court; whilst *Polydorus* himself, with that solemn State and Grandeur, comes to meet her, and Congra-

Congratulate her Arrival; paying her all that Humble and Profound Reſpect, and Awful Attendance, as if ſhe came not from Quitting, but to the Poſſeſſing of a Diadem: So Pompous was her Entry, that ſcarce an Antique Roman Triumph could exceed it. And indeed ſhe came to Triumph, the very firſt Sally of her Eye, bringing her back no leſs a Trophy, than the Heart of *Polydorus*. To give her her Right, even without Flattery; never was Conqueſt ſo Expeditious: No ſooner was the very Lightning ſeen, but the Bolt had Executed. So Dazling were her Charms, to the ſurpriſed *Polydorus*, that he truly dated his intire Vaſſallage, from the firſt Moment he ſaw her. His once Adored Dear Veſtal Divinity, or his Haughtier *Montezania*'s Charms, were nothing to the Influence of *Meſſalina*: ſo unaccountable is the Archery of the Blind God: For *Meſſalina* had been no Stranger to *Polydorus*: when before her Marriage with *Lycogenes*, in her Travel from her own *Italick* Dutchy, to the Kingdom of *Albion*, ſhe took the Court of *Polydorus* in her way; yet, then her Beauties, though in their Younger Bloom, could be beheld without half the preſent Fatality. For, whether his then Regnant Veſtal Mrs had ſo fill'd his Soul, as had left no Room for any other Gueſt, or for what Reaſon elſe; a common Veneration was all the Offering he made her then; when Sighing, Deſiring, Languiſhing, Dying, whole Hecatombs are all too little Sacrifices now. In fine, ſo Capricious an Aſcendant had his preſent Governing Planets, that that very *Polydorus* fated for the Dethroning of the Unfortunate *Lycogenes*; the ſame *Mutchivilian* Part, before Practiſed againſt his Crown, muſt now be Acted againſt his Bed. For from this Hour, Friendſhip, Honour, Hoſpitality, (Obligations not the firſt time diſpenſed with by *Polydorus*) and all other ties quite cancell'd; the Poſſeſſion of *Meſſalina*, though at the price of a Kingdom, is his whole and ſole Ambition. For *Meſſalina* he Burns, and were her

Virtue a Rock of Ice; (which for ought he knows it may be); for though indeed he was no Stranger to all other her Intrigues and Affairs, however in her Curtain *Arcana*, her Amours, he was no Cabinet Counsellour) he resolves to melt it down; and that so far from a scruple at the Undertaking, that he should account it not only the sweetest, but the most glorious of all his Atchievements. For setting all other Considerations apart, what *Polydorus* once but will'd, he could not will unjustly; his Ambition was Commission'd of his Conscience's High Chancellour, whilst to Desire was to Determine; and whatever but once Determined, took the immediate Stamp of Right and Equity to pass it into an irrevocable Decretal; insomuch, that the very Dethroning of a God, if once thought practicable, to desire it was enough to render it justifiable.

As there wanted no Magnificence in all her Entertainment from her first Landing, even before the Captivity of the enamour'd *Polydorus*, you may imagine no excesses of the highest studied Gallantry were omitted now. The Adored *Messalina* is Lodged in a Pallace so Glorious, as might have fitted the Reception of a second *Cleopatra* in all her Pride; and which her *Anthony*, the then Competitor for Universal Empire, and in all that Love that lost him the World for her, could not have furnish'd out more rich and Splendid: Nor did the Brightness and Richness of her Pallace consist only in the outside Wealth and Beauty of her Shining Beds, Embroidered Canopys, the richest of Tapistries, Cabinets, Scrutores, *&c.* The unseen Treasures, outvy'd the glittering Frontispiece: In this Drawer of a Cabinet Fourty, 'tother Fifty, a Third a Hundred Thousand Pieces of Gold; a Fourth, Lockets of Diamonds, a Fifth, Ropes of Pearl, *&c.* And all too mean a Tribute to his Soveraign *Messalina*. And truly

ly now we talk of Pearl and Diamonds, her own Cargo of Jewels, committed to the true and trusty *Italian* Priest aforesaid, were under Suspition of miscarriage; both the Treasure and the Treasurer being at present Invisible: We dare not surmize so unkindly, that Avarice, or filthy Worldly Lucre, could prevail upon so Sanctify'd a Recluse from the World, under a particular Vow of Poverty; and above all, thought worthy (as we told you) of the peculiar recommendations of Father *Pedro*, could make *Him* tardy in such a Case. But whether, on the more charitable side, by some impulse of Religion he reserv'd them for Holy & Pious Uses; as to present them to the Shrine of the *Lorrettian* Diana, to implore from her Cœlestial Benediction, her *Albion Majesties* Conception of a Duke of *Eborac*, to her Prince of *Cambria*; or for any other like Dedication to Holy Mother Church, so it is, that he was no sooner gotten on Shoar, but modest good Man, he withdrew, and was never seen after it. And notwithstanding *Polydorus* publish'd an Edict, promising a very ample Reward to that Person that should find him, and recall the Wanderer: Either his Divine Contemplations, and sublimer Meditations, had rapt him above the listening to humane and mundane Proclamations; or else his Devout Pilgrimage had carryed him beyond the hearing of them, so that his Recallment is utterly Despaired of; insomuch, that unless her *Albion Majesty* be content to take out their Price in *Dirges* for her Soul, 'tis thought for any other Restitution or Payment, she now hopes but little. *Polydorus* now begins his approach to *Messalina*, resolving an immediate vigorous Siege, with all the Forces he can bring to lye down before her: His dayly Visits, Observance, and constant Attendance, which at first carried onely the Face of common Gallantry,

and look'd upon by all Eyes as no other than the Generous Treatment of a Royal Hospitality to Greatness in Distress, and under his Protection; are now both by his Looks, Behaviour, and Address, so Industriously managed, that *Messalina* (unless she wanted Eyes) must find that in the Assiduous *Polydorus*, there was something more then a kind Host, *viz.* an Adoring Slave.

The Queen now fully satisfied how great a Vassal her Eyes had won her, begins to consider the Wise Management of so Important a Conquest. *Polydorus*'s Address and Personage, even abstracted from his Imperial Character, and the Luster of a Crown, were such as always stood fair in the Female Eyes, and render'd his Heart no dis-acceptable Present to the very Proudest and most Disdainful Beauty. And our *Messa'ina* who was neither the Coyest, or most Insensible of her Sex, already felt a Commiseration about her, that told her the Sighs of so Royal a Languisher must not go unpitied. Time, Assiduity, and Appl cation, she plainly foresaw, would at last inevitably prevail; and therefore fancying it no less then the Absolute Ordainment of her Fate, she has no farther Thought then an entire Resignation to Immutable Decree. However, though the Stake must at last be lost, yet the Playing her Game out Politickly, and managing her Cards to her best Advantage, are in her own Choice and Power. Yes, that, and that onely takes up all the business of her waking, and indeed sleeping Thoughts. The Terms and Conditions of a Surrender; What Parly and Capitulations first; what Resolution and Obstinacy (for the Victory must not be Cheap) she must hold out with, before the White Flag is at last to be hung out. Her Meditations on this subject had one Evening led her alone from all Com-

Company into an Inner and Private Walk of the Garden; When *Polydorus*, whose unresting Soul had led his Body abroad too with much the same Contemplations, fortunately meets her. This opportunity as it gave him the Blessing of a more Private Interview, then before he had met, so it inspired him with the Courage of making a more ample and particular Declaration of his Love, then all his hitherto fainter and distant Addresses had made. Accordingly throwing himself at her Feet, in the Tendereſt and moſt Paſſionate Expreſſions (the never wanted Eloquence of Love) he told her how intirely the Soul of *Polydorus* was ſubjected to the Eyes of *Meſſalina*: Nor did he more heighten the Progreſs of her Victories, & Power of her Charms, then the Fatality of them; that without a Return of Pity his Death was Inevitable, whilſt his Peace, Happineſs and Life were abſolutely in her Hands. The Queen, whoſe part was now to Play, with a ſeeming Amazement, rather than a liſtening Attention, gave him the Liberty of finiſhing his whole Declaration; when as Wakeing from a Frightful Dream, or Starting from a diſturbing Viſion, *Good Gods*, ſhe cry'd, *are not your Quivers Empty yet? Have ye more Shafts reſerved ſtill for the unfortunate* Meſſalina? *Is it not enough that your Perſecuting Powers have Raviſht an Empire from me, and Driven me out an Exile, a Wanderer of the World; but I muſt yet fall lower; low as the moſt abject of my Sex, when my Chaſt Ears muſt be Profaned with the Rude Sounds of Lawleſs Love; Oh!* Polydorus, *Cruel* Polydorus, *has Miſery and Ruine made the fallen* Meſſalina *ſo little, ſo deſpicably little* ——*No, Glorious Madam*, (Paſſionately reply'd *Polydorus*) *ſo Great, ſo Divinely Great, that the Gods have ſingled you out to Weild their Thunder, whilſt*

there's not one Bolt of Heaven that Strikes with Fate but Meſſalina's. *Oh! Madam, if ever Compaſſion, Mercy, Charity, Enter'd the faireſt Temple that ever Lodg'd a God, have Pity on the Adoring, Kneeling, Dying* Polydorus. *My Life,* —— *alas, my very Soul depends upon no other Doom but* Meſſalina's; *for if the Deaf, the Cruel, the Inexorable* Meſſalina *muſt not, cannot, will not Pity me, to Die is but half the Tribute my Deſpair muſt pay her: The Tranſports of a Paſſion like mine are ſuch, that when I loſe all Hopes of one kind Smile from* Meſſalina, *ſhe leaves me abandoned to that Wild Torrent of unbounded Horrours, that leſs then the Abjuring of Humanity, the Execrating of Providence, and Curſing the very Authour of my Being, will be the fatal Conſequences of my irreſiſtible Deſperation; a Deſperation ſo hideous, that when I fall a Victim to her Scorn, will ſhut me out at once from Earth and Heaven.* Meſſalina, not at all Diſpleaſed at ſo Paſſionate a Declaration, however to continue the Maſque of a moſt Rigid and Obdurate Virtue, Reprimands him with all the Severeſt Reſentments imaginable, deſires him, nay, Conjures him for ever to Ceaſe a Suit ſo Fruitleſs, and a Thought ſo Impious, a Language that her unblemiſht never ſhaken Virtue can ſo little hear, that rather then liv within the Air of ſo much Guilt, her wounded Innocence muſt be forced to Fly a Cruel Court, and ſeek a Refuge in ſome kinder and more Hoſpitable Deſart. *Ah! Madam,* reply'd *Polydorus, Then you have Decreed Mankind muſt be undone! Shall Empires, Nations, People, have Peace, when I have none! No Madam, 'tis reſolv'd that* Meſſalina *Hate, Scorn, Loath the Unworthy* Polydorus. *Yes, his Deſtruction, his Irrevocable Deſtruction's Sealed; and by the Malice of my Stars, the World ſhall Groan*

as

as Ido. He was once more falling at her Feet, when a Princely Train of the Nobleſt Quality of the *Gothland* Court appearing in the Garden, interrupted him. He had ſcarce recovered Reaſon enough to ſuppreſs the too viſible concern and diſorder, that appeared in his Eyes, much leſs the Load that lay at his Heart, when one of his Generals Advancing from the reſt of the Noble Company, threw himſelf at his Feet, telling him, *He was immediately in Obedience to his Royal Commands, ſetting forward to the General Randezvous on the Banks of the Rhine, and came in Duty to Receive his farther Commiſſion and Orders. Commiſſion and Orders!* Anſwered *Pohdorus*; *Why, Burn, Ravage, Ruine, Deſtroy; make Nations w ſte, and Kingdoms Deſolate; ſpare neither Age nor Sex; but above all, where e'er thou meeteſt that loath'd deteſted Thing, that calls it ſelf a* Chriſtian, *double thy Fury there, Baniſh all thoughts of Pity or Remorſe; be Bloody and be Canonized: Remember the Chriſtian Pride is ſwell'd to Ulceration; and 'tis the Glory of our Sword to Lance it. And if thou meeteſt a Temple, lay the Accurſed Conſecrated Roof in Aſhes; the God that fills it is my Enemy; and 'tis but Juſt my Vengeance Battail Heavens. If thou mak'ſt Treaties or Capitulations, my Orders are, you break 'em all. Betray and Conquer. Heav'n ne'er kept Faith with me, and 'tis but Reaſon, we the Vicegerents of the Gods ſhould Copy their own everlaſting Falſehood, and Reign Immortal Infidels like themſelves. You have my Orders; to your Poſt; Obey and Proſper.* The General, upon the Kings Command, makes his Humble Obeyſance to the King, and Retreats, Ruminating with ſome little Surprize on the ſeverity of his preſent rough Commiſſion;

which however, on what unknown occasion that had transported him into such Vehemence and Bitterness in the expressing himself, he nevertheless knew to be the true and constant Sense of that Great Monarch; and all his former Orders, though perhaps something gentler and softer worded, carried in reality the same Contents and Mandats; and accordingly in all Duty prepares to Execute.

But to return to our *Polydorus*, whose Tormenting Reflections on the Cruelty of *Messalina* had, withdrawn him from all Company to his Closet; In all the Agonies of defeated Love, he could not yet intirely yield to Despair: Were her Virtue a Rock of Adamant: Nay, were she possibly as Deaf, as Pitiless, and Remorseless to all his Bleeding Sighs, as himself to a Dying Christians last Prayer, he will not quit the Siege yet. Accordingly not a day, nor scarce an hour passes that he does not Visit, Court, Sue, Plead, and spight of all Denials, all her Pleas of Virtue and Chastity, that Mountain Honour shall not block his way. Sometimes he Woes her with the Promis'd Restauration of her *Albion*, the Re-instating her in all her former Grandeur; and if the Crown of *Albion* will not purchase a Smile, he'll throw his own in, to make up the Sum. In short, No Gallantry, Address; no Protestations, Vows or Oaths, though ne'er so Extravagant, are wanting to pursue the Coy Disdainful *Messalina*: till one Morning in her Walk in the same Garden, his successful Rhetorick prevails; or rather *Messalina* thinks she has now held out long enough to yield with Honour: For after his Repeated Protestations of the Crowns and Scepters he would lay at her Feet, and the Vassal World he would make her Mistress of; He told her, *If Messalina would but Condescend to Crown his Love, he would pay his Acknow-*

Acknowledgment of so Divine a Blessing, with no less a Sacrifice then a hundred thousand Christian Lives. A hundred thousand Christian Lives! my Generous *Polydorus*, replyed *Messalina. Such Merit, such Transcendent Merit! An Offering of that price enough to Court a Saint, and Win a Goddess.* Such Eloquence is irresistable; nay, the name of such a Sacrifice so pleased her, that had the strongest Bonds of *Conscience* held her, that single Thought had burst the Feeble Manacle; and the offering of so much Heretick streaming Blood, were such an Atonement, as would not only expiate but consecrate the very Sin it self. So pleased and so conquer'd, she generously tells the Ravish'd *Polydorus*, *That she will expect him at Vesper-time, when she will send all her Retinue to the Mosque to their Devotion, and Attend his Company in her Closet.*

Polydorus being now Arrived at the Haven, just upon entring to the Inland of Paradice; the Hour, the Place, the Means and Opportunity all assigned for the Consummating of his Happiness; and what heightned the Charm, his Divine *Messalina* her self the generous Designer of the whole Scene of Felicity; the Plot, the Introduction and Conduct to this more then happy Meeting, so much her own, that possibly, our Amorous Monarch could not conceive more Rapture at the Queens Concession of her Highest Favours themselves, then at the Endearing management of the blest Minute to bestow them; even the Portal to Happiness being oftentimes with Lovers no less Ravishing, then the very Temple of Bliss, to which it leads.——In short, All things contributing to make him the Happiest Prince in the World; whether a Soul, so unbounded, as that of *Polydorus*, whom the Empire of the Universe ('tis very well known) would

hardly satisfy, had the Transports of his Passion, as exalted as those of his Ambition; and was thereby elevated above the Common Height of an ordinary Lovers Extasy; let it suffice, his Joy, his unexpressible Joy was such, as burnt in his Face, and glowed in his very Eyes; and the expected Enjoyment of *Messalina* was at that Moment a Trophy above all the Conquests that either his Sword, or his more Victorious GOLD ever won him. But to leave our Royal Lover to all his Furious Longings, Impatient Expectings, and Restless Burnings, those Amorous crowding Attendants, that always make the Leading Cavalcade to the Coronation of Love: My Reader must be intreated to interrupt his Expectation of the success of this Grand Scene of our two Imperial Inamorato's, by the interposing of a little Comical Intrigue of *Lactilla*, the *Cambrian* Princes Nurse; which, whether by a Frolick of Fortune, for some particular Diversion of that Fickle Deity, or by meer common chance, it matters not; casually intermixing it self in this Sublimer Amour, must make up a part of our History.

It is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderness our *Messalina* has all along expresst for that dear Infant. But indeed, 'twas the subtlest part she had to Play, and therefore it must be Acted to the Life. In the late Storm that drove her from the left Kingdom of *Albion*, and cast her on the *Gallick* Shore, however that darling Infant, with all the Tenderest Care, was preserved from the Universal Shipwrack, and not only the honest Bric-kill Nurse that Suckled it, was carried over with the Queen, and her *Cambrian* Nursery; but also the very Warming-pan Midwife too, croft the Hering-pond with her Royal Mistress; and as some think very timely and prudently, for fear

fear of that Inquifition from the Grandees of *Albion*, had ſhe ventured to have ſtaid behind, that poſſibly would have put her to that Teſt her Circumſtances would not well bear; though truly for a fairer Face to the World, 'twas Induſtriouſly given out, That her Majeſty was with Child again, and therefore the Midwife's Attendance being her Majeſties ſpecial Command, 'twas her Duty to wait on her Royal Miſtreſs to what part of the World ſoever her Misfortunes ſhould carry her.

The Amour of Meſſalina *with* Polydorus, *&c.* (*ſince* Lycogenes *Retiring to* Ibernia,) *ſwelling ſo big, we are forced to make the Compleating of the Hiſtory the Subject of a Fourth Part.*

FINIS.

FINIS.

Advertiſement

TO this part is Prefixt a *Key*, which renders the Hiſtory of the Four Parts, Intelligible to the meaneſt Capacity.

THE

AMOURS

OF THE

French King

WITH THE

Late Queen of *ALBION.*

BEING

The Fourth and Laſt Part of the Hiſtory of

Meſſalina.

By a Woman of QUALITY.

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford,* 1689.

TO THE
READER.

THE Bookſeller has been Adviſed to Add the following *Key*, for the benefit of the meaneſt Capacity, in underſtanding the whole Hiſtory of *Meſſalina*.

Albion, England. *Belgick*, Holland. *Gothland*, France. *Iberia*, Ireland. *St. Jaques*, St. James's *Alba-Regalis*, Whitehall. *Forreſt of St. Jaques*, St. James's Park. *Pagan Temples*, *Moſques of Albion*, *Temples of Diana*; all ſignifies Romiſh Maſs-Houſes, and Chappels. *Waters of Baiæ*, the Minerals of Bath. *Britomardes*, C. II. *Lycogenes*, J. II. two Brothers late Kings of England. *Anaximander Prince of the Lowlands*, The then Prince of Orange, our now our Gracious Sovereign. *Artemiſa*, the then Princeſs of Orange, our now Gracious Sovereign Queen

philidelphi

Philadelpha, Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Denmark. *Polycrates, the Northern Prince*, His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Denmark. *Meſſalina*, the late Queen. *The huge Prince in Italy*, the late Duke of Modena. *Bonerges the High Prieſt*, the Pope. *Pagan*, Papiſt. *Count Davila, Dada*, the Popes late Nuncio at the Court of England. *Father Pedro*, the Jeſuit Peters. *Latroon*, Tyrconnel, the Rebbel Deputy of Ireland. *Aſpaſia*, the Deputies Wife. *Marchioneſs de Tomazo* a great Friend of Don Tomazo *alias*, Tom Dangerfield *Young Sanctifore*, a Baron of Rome, and Gallant of Meſſalina before ſhe came for England. *Father Sebaſtian*, A. B. Ellis, Titular A. B. of York. *Madam de Elvira*, An Italian Jilt, one concern'd in the Warming-pan Intrigue. *Cleone*, a Doxie of Tyrconnels. *Madam Wilks*, The Queens Roughty Midwife. *The Water of St. Winifred*, A Spring in Wales. *Lady of Lorretto*, The Popiſh term for the Virgin Mary. *Traynovant*, London.

The Fourth Part.

IT is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderneſs our dear *Meſſalina*, all along has expreſt for her *Cambrion Prince*, that ſhe carried over not only the honeſt Brick-Kiln Nurſe that Suckled it, But alſo the *Warming-pan* Midwife to Croſs the Herring-pond with her Royal Miſtreſs, and as ſome think very timely and prudently, for

fear

fear of that Inquisition from the Grandees of *Albion*, had she ventured to have stayed behind, that possibly might have put her to that Test her Circumstances would not well bear; though truly for a fairer Face to the World, 'twas industriously given out, That Her Majesty was with Child again, and therefore the Midwifes Attendance being Her Majesty's Special Command, 'twas her Duty to wait on Her Royal Mistress, to what part of the World soever her Misfortunes should carry her; Her late Able performance in Delivering the Queen of her *Cambrian* Heir, having recommended and call'd her (as she pretended) to the Queens particular Choice for her Skilful hand at her next Lying-In.

But to return to our Nurse, and her Intrigue we promised you; Amongst the publick and solemn Addresses and Veneration made and paid by the Nobility of the Gauls to the Fair Queen of *Albion*, a great part of the Dayly Devotion, you may well guess, was offered to that young Prince. For if such Sublime Blood, as was thought to run in that little *Heroes* Veins, exalted him at scarce three Days old to the solemn Reception of Foreign Embassadours, and giving Audience to publick Ministers, and that too in the Heretick Land of *Albion*; You may easily think that the great *Gallican* Votaries, those *Pagan* Wise men of the *West*, (pardon the *Allusion*) brought him no common Oblation of Myrrh, Frankincense, &c. But of the Princely Crowd of Devotes, that amongst their Orisons to *Messalina*, made their Homages to this Imperial Babe; it happened that a young *Gallick* Lord, Named *Liforse*, a Man of a Noble Personage, making no little Figure in *Polydorus* Court, but above all a mighty Adorer of the Female Sex; and like the natural Constitution of the *Gauls*, a ge-

neral Admirer of every new Face, without any great Sin of Constancy to answer for: This *Laforse* paying his Devoire to the *Cambrian* Prince, entertained a strong Inclination to his Nurse. What he saw in her more then a good wholesome Complexion, and a plain-spun Cleanly Woman, we can't imagine; but take her altogether, as the maggot bit with him, nothing would satisfy him but an Amour with *Lactilla*. Her downright Country Innocence even to Clownishness and Rusticity, had something in it, that at this time Captivated him more then all the Allurements of Wit, Humour, Gayety, High Blood, and Higher Pride. None of all the Court Stars, in all their Glory, at present took up so much of his Thoughts as Madam Nurse. *Lactilla* he fancies for a Miss, and *Lactilla*'s Affection he must Vanquish if he can. Accordingly our Lordly Lover under pretence of making Court to the *Cambrian* Prince, takes the dayly opportunity of Addressing a Kind Look, and Kinder Complement to *Lactilla*; which he carefully prosecutes with that particular Assiduity and Application, as would best suite the Humour and Breeding of such a Mistress. The poor Nurse whether dazled with the Presence, the Looks and Garb of so Glorious a Servant; or confounded with so fine Words from so fine a Person, began at last not only to listen, but to be pleased and tickled with so Gallant a Suitor. It is not worth our while to recount the several Courtship Scenes between them; to draw therefore to the Consummating part of the Amour, it fell out so, that what through the Importunities of the Assayling Monseigneur, together with poor *Lactilla*'s being several Months tyed up from all Recreations of that kind, (a shackle for some Physical Reasons always laid upon Milch Nurses to Heirs of Quality;) which possibly might

might heighten her Longing for what she had so long been kept Fasting from, and so facilitate his Conquest upon her; however so 'twas, that the Creature came to yield at last. And by an odd Caprice of Fortune, it happened that *Lactilla* was brought to the delivering up of her Fort, the very same day her Royal Mistress had Capitulated and Sign'd the Surrender of hers. For the Fortunate Lover for his last Effort, lighting of a lucky Hour, when the Queen and all her Attendants, for the curiosity of seeing ten new Rais'd Regiments of Light-Horse pass under her Pallace Window, in their March towards the *Rhine*, were withdrawn into the Balcone of an outer Room; had the satisfaction of finding his Dear *Lactilla* with her little Nursery all alone. To improve therefore so kind a Minute to the best advantage, throwing his Arms about her Neck, and Assaulting her Lips (for those outworks he had long since won) with a whole Volley of Kisses; at last he cryed, *Oh my Dear, dear Sweet Rogue, are these empty Embraces, these half-Joys all I must expect? When, Dear* Lactilla, *Oh when, will that Blest, happy, Ravishing Minute come?* Poor *Lactilla* Interrupting him, Replyed, *Nay, fye my Lord; a Man of your great Quality throw away your Thoughts upon so poor a Creature as I am; If you would talk like your self, methinks you Lordships should make your fine Speeches to none but Kings and Queens; if you have a mind then to show your great Breeding, you would do well to make your High Compliments to that little pretty young King in the Cradle there.* No my Dear *Lactilla*, Replyed *Laforse*, *I have other better work to do at this time; 'tis time enough to make fine Speeches to that little young King, as you call him, 20 years hence.* Twenty years, quotha, [Answers *Lactilla*] By my troth, my Lord, *no lon-*

ger ago then we were laſt in Albion, *as young as he is, and as many years as he wants, we have had Your outlandiſh great Lords and Baſſadours have made many a Scholarly Speech, and a great many fine Compliments to him too; But above all, I ſhall never forget the Baſſadour of* Catalonia: *that great tall Man, with a rueful dun Face, and a ſwinging pair of black Whiskers, no ſooner came to receive Audience of my little Maſter here, but the poor Baby fell a Roaring at him, and would not endure the ſight of him. On my Conſcience, my Lord, the poor Lamb was as much frighted, as ever his Father was at* S*t*. Bury; *and upon my Womanhood I believe it, had it been able, would have run away as faſt too: I vow and ſwear my Lord, 'twas ſo terribly ſcared at him, that I profeſs I could ſcarce get it ſweet again in an hour after.* The Lord could not forbear Smiling at this Innocent Relation; which downright Language of *Lactilla's*, as a Novel Charm to him, was one of the greateſt Whets to his Inclination for her. But as Talking was not his preſent buſineſs, he puſht on the matter a little more Vigorouſly, and told her a meeting ſhe muſt and ſhould give him, that ſhould more compleatly Bleſs him, then all the ſainter Favours ſhe had already beſtowed upon him. The poor Nurſe, after a great many other urging, and at laſt prevailing Arguments, could reſiſt no longer; and truly at laſt told him, *That if he had any thing more to ſay to her, the only time ſhe had to give him the hearing with Convenience, was at Veſper time; for,* ſays ſhe, *the Queen and her Attendants are all then ſo devout, (though truly I know not how it comes about that they are ſo over and above Religious here, then they uſed to be in* Albion, *unleſs Misfortune and Miſeries make Folk Pious) that they never miſs Prayers; and be-*

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cauſe I, and only I am one of thoſe Paw Things they call Hereticks, my little Maſter, and my ſelf, excepting ſome Guards in the outer Rooms, are always left alone; and if your Lordſhips Intentions are Honeſt and Virtuous (as I truſt in Heaven, they are,) if you have any thing more to talk to me, you may come then and welcome. The Happy Monſeigneur at this generous and cunning Aſſignation made by his kind *Lactilla*, (for there never wants Womans Wit even in Simplicity it ſelf on ſuch an occaſion) felt a Delight Anſwerable to the ſatisfaction ſo acceptable a Minute would give him, and reſolving to Return at the appointed Hour with that deſired Honeſty and Virtue as ſhould be beſt agreeable to her, leaves his farewel in a Kiſs, and Whiſpers in her Ear, that ſhe ſhould find him a Man of Honour; and ſo Retires, and falls in with the Ladies in the Balcone. The poor Nurſe waiting for the Veſpers, (which indeed was the firſt time that ever ſhe had a kindneſs for the Pagan Worſhip before) found her Expectation a little baulkt, when the Queen pretending Indiſpoſition refuſed to go to Prayers; at which the Ladies likewiſe in Complaiſance to her Majeſty reſolved not to go neither, but ſtay and pay their Attendance to the Queen; which the Queen abſolutely forbid, Commanding them all to go to Prayers, and leave her onely to her Nurſe till their Return. The Ladies accordingly Retiring; at their Departure, the Queen inſtead of Staying in the Bed-Chamber with the Child and Nurſe, bid *Lactilla* have a Care of the Prince, for ſhe had occaſions to Retire into her Cloſet, where ſhe would not be diſturb'd. This gave *Lactilla* ſome little hopes again; for the Cloſet being on the farther ſide of a large Room of State lying beyond the Bed-Chamber, ſhe fancied

her dear Lord might gain Access without any Baulk, at that Distance and Retirement, from any thing of the Queens Interruption of them. No sooner was the Queen got into the Closet, but *Count Davilah*, having received a Packet from *Albion* just at the Chappel Door, defers his Devotion, and finding matter of Importance in it, together with an inclosed Packet for *Messalina*, with Commands of a Delivery at sight, and with Orders of Immediate Communication with the Queen, about Affairs that required a speedy Result; the *Count* in pursuance of his Orders received, hastes instantly to the Queen, and delivering her her Packet, together with the Instructions contain'd in his own, requests her speedy Conference. The Queen was much surprized at his Approach, and in no small *Dilemma*, for if she dismist him without Reading her Packet, and Conferring with him as desired by the King her Husband, she should be Guilty of a Fault highly against the Character of that Respect and Duty she ever paid him, and which in his present Circumstances would be an unpardonable neglect; and if on the other side she stay'd in her Closet or Chamber to Read her Letters, and Debate their Contents, she was Jealous that the appointed Visit of *Polydorus* at so unseasonable an Hour as the Queens known Retirement, would give matter of Suspicion to the *Count*; and which besides her unwillingness to disgust a Person whom she was not yet prepared to disoblige and quite break with, might thereby raise some Blemish upon her Reputation. Between these two Considerations, with a sudden Presence of Mind, she thought of this Expedient, which was to Invite the *Count* down into the Garden, and there Dispatch the Conference: whereupon she desired him to Walk down with her; and as she past by the Bed-Chamber,

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she told the Nurse whither and with whom she was going, and bid her expect her Return immediately. By this Projection she thought *Polydorus* coming in her absence according to appointment, and not finding her within, would undoubtedly ask the Nurse for her, and thereby informed, be Invited to stay, and Attend her Return.

At the Queens Departure it was just drawing towards the Evening, being a little past Sun-set: And *Lactilla* extraordinarily pleased to think she should have the whole Lodgings free, and by that means, if her Lord kept Touch, enjoy all the Privacy and Freedom her Heart could wish; being truly in her Nature a little more fearful, and something bashfuller in an Amourous Transgression, then the Fairer Court Sinners generally more harden'd, and more Couragious at a Love Adventure, had already drawn all the very Window Curtains of the Bed-Chamber close, to be as much Retired as possibly she could. —— Just as the Queen was got down the Back-Stairs, Enters the King by the other Stairs, and immediately with all the haste of an Invited Lover makes to the Closet; but finding the Queen not there, and imagining she might be in the Bed-Chamber Trips as Nimbly thither. The Nurse hearing some body Walk cross the Room of State, with that eager pace that spoke him a Lover, as she thought by his Tread; and not doubting any other, but that her Dear Lord was come; in a kind of a Panick Fear, sitting Perdue upon the Bed behind the Curtains, and almost Trembling to consider what she was going to do, not daring as she thought to Expose her Blushes to the Light, (being the first time of her offending in that kind) out of pure Modesty puts out the Candle. The King just upon his Entrance into the Bed-Chamber, fancying nothing else

but Love cou'd put out the Light, that it's own might blaze the bolder, and consequently the Golden Minute was now his own, makes his Instant Approach to the Bed, and Grasping in his Arms his yeilding though mistaken Sacrifice, and breaking out into a Rapture of —— *My Life, my Soul, my Heaven, my Eternity*, with Two or Three more such Pious and high flown Ejaculations, the usual Devotion of Lovers, (those few short Preliminaries (to say Truth) being as much as the little Patience of much Love cou'd dispense with) without staying for one Syllable of Reply from his Twining Mistress, for indeed her Elevated Thoughts were too full for her Tongue to get Vent; besides she had her Mouth so sweetly stopt, that she wanted Power as well as Leisure for talking; *Polydorus* without farther Ceremony immediately Rushes into her Bosom, Launches into a Torrent of Bliss, and Riots and Revels in unutterable Delight; for *Messalina*, his Angel *Messalina*, fill'd both his Arms and his Soul; so Potent is Imagination, that Deity-like, what she Enjoys she Creates. The Ravishing Dalliance ended, with no Love lost on either side: For *Monsigneur* was as Divinely Charming to the Ravisht *Lucilla*, as *Messalina* could be to *Polydorus*, and the very Grandeur of a Lord in her Arms, (though otherwise perhaps no heartier a Performer then her own honest Lime-Pit Clod-Pate Drudge in *Albion*,) had so much outvyed the poorer satisfaction of her Man of Clay and Sea-Cole, her Spouse at home; that in pure Gratitude for the Honour as well as the Pleasure she had received, having not only recovered both breath and leisure for a kind word or two of her own, but also gotten a little more Assurance then before (for Love soon makes Equality) she turn'd to her Panting, as she thought *Lysorse*, and throwing her Arms about

about his Neck, thinking it her turn to talk a little Amorously now; *Well my dear Laforſe* (ſays ſhe) *I hope you have no reaſon now, to think your poor* Lactilla *ſo hard-hearted as you have ſometimes told her ſhe was, for if ſuch Love as mine* —— Lactilla! ——— cries *Polydorus*, ſtarting up from the Bed, in a ſurprize ſo killing, that not the Ghoſts and Spectres of all the Chriſtian Victims his own Edicts had ever doom'd, or his Booted Diſciples executed; nay, nor all his broken Leagues turn'd Goblins, could have Stagger'd him more. At firſt, in the heighth of Agony and Bitterneſs of Soul, he thought 'twas a Trick of *Meſſalina*'s; that his high-flown Ambition of attempting the Queen of *Albion*'s Vertue, had put her Pride and Scorn upon this Stratagem of puniſhing his Audacious Love by ſo contemptible and deſpicable a Creature Foyſter'd upon him: Such Dirt and Rubbiſh in the Arms of *Polydorus!* The Tranſport of that thought, and his enraged Sentiments of ſo unpardonable an Affront, could hardly with-hold him from drawing his Sword and Executing his Fury, (though never ſo unmanly,) on the Heart of that Sordid Engine and Tool, in this Inſolent manner made uſe of, to abuſe him. But theſe ſuggeſtions were ſoon ſuppreſt by ſome kinder thoughts of *Meſſalina*, it being impoſſible, as he thought, for ſo Excellent a Creature to be ſo great a Jilt, or rather greater Devil, as this piece of Impoſture muſt render her. Beſides, were ſhe all the Furies and Feinds of her whole Sex put together, yet, as a Woman of Imperial Quality, her very Character, if nothing elſe, would never ſuffer her to make choice of this, of all the Revenges in the World, (if any ſuch ſhe had againſt him.) For whatever Stratagems a Great Woman might make uſe of to Gratifie her Spleen, Spight,

Malice, Hate, or any other Paſſion; ſhe would never turn Bawd for any of them. That part of his Fear upon theſe Recollections being pretty well clear'd up, he reſolved however to ſatisfie himſelf by ſome Interrogatories to *Lactilla* (as much as he could make without diſcovery of his Perſon,) what Sorcery, Enchantment, or Malicious Devil of Fortune had Snared him into ſo poor a Nooſe as the Arms of *Lactilla*; a Thought that ſo much Diſguſted his Haughty Pride, that he would not, for half the Price of a Kingdom, be made ſo much the Jeſt of the World, as ſo Humble and Courſe a Love Adventure, (he fancied) if it ſhould take Air, would render him; more eſpecially if it ſhould get to the Ear of *Meſſalina*; for his meer Indignation could never digeſt ſo ſhameful a Reproach, that his Imperial Careſſes (though never ſo innocently) ſhould be Debaſed to ſo Sordid an Embrace. And therefore, if for no other Reaſon, from Her above the reſt of the World he muſt endeavour to ſtifle the Diſcovery of this Accurſed Accident: Turning then to *Lactilla*, (who ſtill lay upon the Bed in no ſmall Surprize, and as you may imagine, in no leſs trouble at her Dear Lords ſo abrupt and unkind Start from her Arms.) *Well, Dear* Lactilla, ſays *Polydorus, I hope the Queen has no Suſpicion of our kindneſs* —— *The Queen!* ſuddenly reply'd *Lactilla, Good Heaven forbid! ſhould my Lady* Meſſalina *know what I have been doing, the more Naughty Man you,* —— *But what do you fear? Who, I, her Nurſe, and let the Queen know I Lay with a Man, and Spoil'd the Princes Milk! Not for a Thouſand Pound! To be Burnt for Hereſie, or Hang'd for High Treaſon againſt that little Princely Babe, would be the leaſt I muſt look for in this Pagan Land. No, my Dear Lord, we poor Country Folks are not ſo dull neither;*

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how ſimple ſoever we may be in other matters, we have always Wit enough in our Loves: and if my Dear Lord can be kind to ſo Worthleſs a Thing as I am; never fear Queens nor Empereſſes diſcovering of us: let me alone to take care of that. This Innocent Anſwer of *Lactilla's*, (excepting the Reſentments of ſo Nauſeous a miſtake, and ſo unhappy a diſappointment, which he could not yet ſo eaſily, Conquer) ſatisfied all the reſt of *Polydorus* diſquiets; for now he plainly found, that the Nurſes miſtaking him for the Lord *Laforſe*, had not onely diſpel'd all his firſt ungenerous Suſpicions of *Meſſalina*, (a Thought, which how Momentary ſoever it laſted, he could now hardly forgive himſelf for) by convincing him, that not only Fortune was the true and only Jilt that had put this Trick upon him; but alſo by Vertue of his ſtill paſſing for the ſuppoſed *Laforſe*, together with the Favour of the Dark, he had now an opportunity of Marching off utterly undiſcovered, and defying the utmoſt Malice of his Stars themſelves to expoſe his ſhame. Without any ſtay therefore, or any other parting Compliment, then *Adieu Dear* Lactilla, *I'le ſee thee again very ſpeedily*, he Starts out of the Chamber, and clapping the Door after him, leſt any of the Lights in the Room of State ſhould give her ſo much as a glimpſe of his Back-ſide, he bolts down the Back-Stairs with all the Expedition he could make. He was not gotten three paces below the Foot of the Stairs, but *Meſſalina* croſſing a Walk in the Garden popt juſt upon him, who by this time having adjuſted matters, and diſpatcht the *Count*, was indeed with no leſs haſte Returning to her Cloſet in Expectance of *Polydorus*, whoſe Expectation by this time ſhe might poſſibly have over heighten'd; if not a little tryed Patience. But meeting him moving off in ſuch haſte.

My Lord the King, why ſo faſt? I hope the Face of Meſſalina *has nothing ſo Terrible in it, as to fright you.* The King, between Surprize and Confuſion, (occaſion'd by the ſight of *Meſſalina*, and the freſh Remembrance of his unfortunate Adventure with the Nurſe, his own Conſciouſneſs of which, though unknown to the World beſide, made him Redden with a Bluſh almoſt Scarlet deep, though the growing Night partly conceal'd the diſcovery of it;) what through the ſuddenneſs of this Encounter, and the perplexity of his Thoughts, being not well provided with words to Anſwer her, was ſtudying for a Reply, when the Queen continued; *Well*, Polydorus, *I ſuppoſe you found but dull Entertainment above, by your haſte in running away; though if the Expectation of my Company had been worthy of one Minutes longer Diſpenſation, and your patience not quite Exhauſted, I had return'd to tell you, that the Receipt of an Expreſs from* Lycogenes, *brought me by* Count Davilah, *drew me ſome Minutes into the Garden. The Contents of which requiring ſome ſhort Conference between us, I took him down thither for it, leſt your expected Viſit at that time, to a prying Eye, or a cenſuring Thought, might have afforded matter of Surmiſe to my diſadvantage. But that fear is now paſt, for I have given him ſuch a Diſpatch as may aſſure* Polydorus, *that* Meſſalina *cannot be guilty of forgetfulneſs* —— This obliging Language of the Queen, as it could not but infinitely Charm the Amorous *Polydorus*, ſo it could not but as much diſtract him too. For to tell her, he had been in her Aparument, and ſtay'd there for her not full a Quarter of an hour, (for indeed his whole Ingreſs, Egreſs and Regreſs from *Lacilla*, was an Execution of no more Minutes diſpatch,) and that truly (let him

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mince it in as fine words as he pleas'd) he had not patience to wait longer, though for ſo Divine a Bleſſing as the Poſſeſſing of *Meſſalina*, would be an excuſe impardonable. And on the other ſide, to own the Truth of his Adventure, that frighted him thence; that Thought was all Death and Hell, and not Wild Horſes could draw him to ſo ſhameful a Confeſſion. In this diſtraction of Thought, it came at laſt into his Head, to tell her, *That if her ſurprizing Abſence at ſo bleſt an hour, and after ſo Solemn and Generous an Engagement, that had ſo intirely fill'd his Heart, and taken up every Faculty of his Soul, might run him into any Impatiences or Extravagances worthy a Rebuke, as his not waiting longer for her Return, and his over-zealous coming down in Queſt after her, might be; however, he hoped ſhe would excuſe all Effects, how blameable ſoever, that had no other than the Tranſport of her Charms, and his own Paſſion for their Cauſe.* The Queen made him an obliging Anſwer, and told him, *She was very well ſatisfied, the Fault that was, being of her own ſide. But ſince interpoſing Buſineſs had made her lapſe ſome Minutes in her Promiſe, however, ſhe would make Reparation for it, and if he pleaſed to Return with her, as ſhe had Expedited her Husbands Expreſs, ſhe was now at leiſure to liſten to any Expreſſes of* Polydorus, *and as ready to Diſpatch them.* At which, giving her Hand to *Polydorus*, which he received with a profound Reverence, they Returned back again, the King only Murmuring all the way to himſelf, to think what good ſubſtantial Love he had lately Prodigally Laviſht, or rather thrown away; and which in his preſent Payment might be ſomething wanted to make up his Sum. But above all it grated his very Soul to think, that ſo Abject a Creature as

Lafilla had Ravisht so considerable a part of what was so entirely due alone to the Divinity of *Messalina*. Nay, and where's the wonder, had got the first start too in Love, insomuch, that he must be forced to come all Sullyed and Defiled, (for a less Taint he could not fancy it) to such Celestial Embraces. But to bring our Lovers to the Closet; the Door Shut; and the Queen thrown upon her Couch, and *Polydorus* by her side; she cast those Languishing Dying Looks upon him enough to Thaw a Stoick, and Fire an Anchoret. The King who needed no Invitation, but already Melted into Kissing, Toying, Dallying, Embracing, Twining, all those Outworks of Felicity, the Supreme Beatitude onely unpossest; Nay, and even That too just entring, and on the very Brink of Paradice; Oh! too imbecile to grasp at so Divine a Treasure, though admitted even into all the whole fragrant Ravishing Bed of Sweets; Alas, he wanted strength to Crop the Flower. —— At this accursed Damn'd Defeat (no Name too black, nor Thought to hideous for it) poor *Polydorus* fell down by her side upon the Couch so Abasht, and so Confounded, that he could have wisht all the Graves, that his own Sword e're Digg'd, to Swallow him; or some kind Mountain, high as the Cryes, if possible, of all his own Martyr'd Christians Blood, to cover his shame.

The Queen her self no less Defeated, though not so much Abasht, (for in such Cases the Failure is never in their Sex) perceiving his Confusion, threw her Arms about his Neck, and laid her Cheek so close to his, as if she had resolved to shew, that she either did not, or would not see his Disorder; a Behaviour, which carryed not only Endearment in it but Policy too. For to triumph over Weakness, and jocque or cajole an unperforming Lover, as some foolish resenting

Beauties

Beauties in ſuch diſappointments have done, has ſometimes been too well known, to their own loſs, to have given that intire Check even to much younger and abler Nerves, than *Polydorus*, as has Invalidated a whole Aſſignation: Whereas, on the contrary, an Unconcern or Endearing Connivance at Frailty, has encouraged the Retreating Unſucceeding Aſſailant, to Rally again, come on, new Storm, and Conquer. *Polydorus* in all this ſtaggering Shock, excepting ſome Reſtleſs Starts and Flings, and now and then a Murmuring rougher ſort of Breathing betwixt a Sigh and a Groan, that ſpoke better for him, uttered not one Syllable; his Rage being too big for Words, and his Shame, alas, too Odious to be Palliated with Eloquence, had he Recollection or Senſe enough about him to ſtudy for any. *Meſſalina* all this while, as a Cordial againſt a Pang ſo violent, generouſly plyed him with all the healing Balm that her kindeſt Kiſſes, Toying, Careſſes, and Embraces, could give him: till *Polydorus* at length ſo ſweeten'd, new warm'd, and enlivened again, by ſuch Languiſhing, Melting, but above all (her brighteſt Attribute) ſuch Forgiving Divinity, began to feel new Animating Fires; and to Retrieve his Honour, with all the Proweſs of a Recovered Champion, he Renews the Aſſault once more. But the ſecond ſucceſs too like the firſt; a meer thin Airy Flaſh and ineffectual Fire. —— At this laſt Defeat he could hold no longer, but ſtarted from the Couch, and flew into that Storm and Rage, Madneſs and half Deſperation, that no Execrations againſt himſelf, or Invocations againſt Heaven and Earth were too terrible for him: till the Queen Interpoſing —— *Fye, Fye, my Lord, why all this Rage, this moſt Unmanly Rage! Why do you thus unkindly play your own Tormentor? Can* Polydorus

Execute before I Sentence? The Puniſhment's Unjuſt that comes before the Sin: and I know none —— No Sin! Not *Polydorus* ſinn'd againſt his *Meſſalina!* [Interrupting her.] Oh Injur'd Madam, Your Divine Innocence knows not the Weight of my Accurſed Guilt, a Load would ſink a World. Oh that Vile, Black, Infernal, Damn'd — [Caſting a Furious Eye towards the Bed-Chamber] and then turning towards the Queen.] *Baſt, Monſter, Traytor as I am* —— The Queen [ſtopping him.] *Nay, no more my Lord, Wrong not your ſelf with theſe unjuſt Reproaches; what you would call your Crime, perhaps I've reaſon to eſteem your Glory; perhaps you Love me too well, and that has been the cauſe. Deſire ſometimes has been foil'd even by Deſire; and Loving hauk'd by Love. Alas, my Lord, there are Heavens even above Heaven, and it may be your Extaſie has rapt you above your Paradice. And to recall your Peace, I am content to be ſo Vain, to think my Charms have had that Power.* Oh Royal Excellence (replyed *Polydorus*) [Aſtoniſh'd at ſo Amazing a Kindneſs.] *You are ſo Divinely good, that to lay hold of ſuch Tranſcendent Grace to ſave me, without Deſert, would but double my Damnation.* At which he began to launch out into ſuch bitter Reviling and Railing againſt himſelf, that the Queen not knowing their true Cauſe, began to think of a new Style to recover his Reaſon, and therefore was reſolved to Rally him into his right Wits again. *Well Sir, If this won't ſatisfy you, perhaps I have a new Diſcovery will anſwer all. I have either Heard or Read ſomewhere (no matter which) [Smilingly] of Enchantments uſed in this caſe. 'Tis not the firſt time, that Malice, and the Malice of a Woman too (for ſuch they ſay there are in the World) has made uſe of Spells to defeat the Expectation*

of

of Lovers; and the tying of a Magical Knot (as some such practice, you know not, may have been used upon you) and the Witchcraft of an Ill-Tongue have sometimes had that strange Power. Bewitcht by an Ill-Tongue, Madam! (replyed *Polydorus*) *Oh Madam!* [*Sighing*] *There went more then all Ill-Tongues (Confound the Enchantess) to the Bewitching of me.* Tying of Knots too say you? *A Plague of the Knots I Tye! Oh that Sprightful, Confounded Witch, Hag, Forceress, Beast, Bawd, Strumpet*——[he had almost said *Lactilla*] *Beast, Bawd, Strumpet!* When *Messalina* Interrupting him, What *Beast, Bawd?* Fortune Madam, Fortune, (Recollecting himself) *that Jilt, that Cheat, that Harlot, that Impudent Harlot,* Fortune, *the spight of my Stars, and the Malice of the Gods, that envyed my Immortal Happiness, and in downright Gall, rank Gall, Hemlock, Wormwood, Poison, have ransakt Hell, and Muster'd all the Imps of Lucifer to rob me of my Bliss.*

The Harange had went on, had not *Fornaces* Approach, a nimble Forerunner before the rest of the Zealots returned from their Devotion, giving them warning to retreat from the Closset, and the King to prepare himself for the appearance of a more indifferent Visitor, which with much ado he endeavour'd; though the concernment in his Face was not easily masterable. The Court beginning to fill soon after, *Messalina* produced, and Read her Expresses, importing the Landing of her *Lycogenes* in one of the Ports of *Gothland*, a piece of News not ungrateful to the whole Company, since it brought them the Expectation of the speedy Honour of so Royal a Guest in the *Gallick* Court, and which indeed had been the

A necessary precaution often wanted by Messalina.

Subject of no Common saying, had not the fatal Cause that lent them that Honour much rebated the Delight. The Queen told them further, *That she had before communicated the Contents to* Polydorus, *to which indeed she was obliged to him for his pleasant Visit.* Yes Madam, readily answered *Polydorus*, *I came to obey your Commands, and the Care and Application I shall make for a Reception suitable to the Majesty of* Albion, *shall Convince the World that the Bonds that have tied the Hearts of* Lycogenes *and* Polydorus *are Eternal.*

Some Days after *Lycogenes* arrives, neither unlookt for, neither welcome; for they knew he came to them like a Gamester at an Ordinary, that had lost all his Money, and came for a new Recruit. By my Soul, our *Lycogenes*, I have had ill Luck; but I'le Play t'other Game for't. 'Tis ill venturing upon a Loosers Hand quoth *Polydorus*: Sir, quoth *Lycogenes*, Lend me but t'other Threescore Tousand Pounds, and you shall have all *Ireland* for it. Sir, said he, then proceeding, Remember the Proverb, *He that* England *means to win, with* Ireland *must begin.* That is a Proverb I have often heard, quoth *Polydorus*; but if I Lend you this Threescore Thousand Pounds, I'le have all *Ireland* to my self, I'le send Officers of my own to take Charge of all the Imployments in that Kingdom; you shall have nothing to do there. Not I by my Soul, quoth *Lycogenes*, I will have nothing to do there; I'le only be your Deputy there, I'le receive the Sword from *Tyrconnel* in your Name, and Execute your Commands by your Authority.

These Conditions being Sign'd and Sealed between *Polydorus* and *Lycogenes*, Men and Money were provided with all the speed imaginable. For *Messalina* was soon weary of his Cold Embraces; having by this

this time a fair Cover for whatever ſhould after happen, ſhould ſhe really chance to be Impregnated. And therefore being preſent at the Colloque between her Husband *Lycogenes* and her Champion *Polydorus*. She at the ſame time tipt the wink upon *Polydorus*, and pointed to the middle of her Placket; which to inflam'd *Polydorus*, that he was as ready to Condeſcend to *Lycogenes*, as *Lycogenes* was to Demand of him.

During theſe Tranſactions of a higher Nature, and a deep Intrigue between the two Monarchs and the Monarcheſs. *La Force* plyd his buſineſs with *Lactilla*. 'Tis true *La Force* had brought her to his Bow, but the Conſummation of Pleaſure being interrupted, as you have already heard; that interruption brought *Lactilla* to bethink her ſelf. For, not to conceal the Truth, *Lactilla*, honeſt *Lactilla*, Nurſe in Ordinary to the *Gallick* Prince, ſhe from whom the Sovereign Swayer of the *Britiſh* Scepter was to ſuck his Maſculine Inclinations, had been dabling already. Which made her out of a Scruple of Conſcience begin to contrive, which way ſhe ſhould put off *La Force*. For, Lord quoth ſhe, muſt I Adulterate the Milk that Suckles the Monarch of Three Kingdoms. So that when *La Force* came to Reiterate his Addreſſes to her, ſhe dealt with him like a plain good honeſt Country Nurſe, and told him, that ſhe had placed her Affections before upon a certain Souldier in the Life-Guard of *Lycogenes* (for thoſe ſort of Cattel will be always endeavouring to get between the Thighs of your Court Lawndry-Women and Nurſes, to Eek out their Preferment) who had overcome her; and that by him ſhe was Young with Child: And truly her Pains were ſo extraordinary, that being afraid ſomething more then ordina-

ry would come of it, she was resolv'd to prepare her self for Repentance. *La Force* who had an Eye that could pierce through a Mill-stone, presently apprehended what *Lactilla* would beat, which was enhancing the Price; and therefore pretending to be a Doctor; Oh Madam quoth he, I understand the reason of your extraordinary Pains: The Gentleman who the last time had your last Favours, left his work unfinish'd; so that what you carry in the Womb, must want either an Arm, or a Leg, or a Thigh; and then if it come forth so imperfect, it will be the cause of great Trouble and Affliction to you. But for that, be of good Comfort, give but me the liberty, and I will make all things well and perfect, and your Travel shall be as Easie as the slipping of a Cherry-Stone from between your Thumb and Fore-finger. *La Force* made this so demonstrable by Dent of Argument to *Lactilla*, that for future Convenience-sake she condescended to whatever he could desire.

While *Laforce* lay thus at Rack and Manger with his dear *Lactilla*, *Polydorus* chaffing for his last misfortune, long'd for a second Tryal of his Abilities. But the presence of *Lycogenes* was a new rub in his way. 'Twas therefore thought convenient to march him off with all the speed that possible might be; nor was *Messalina* less desirous to be rid of him, as one whose Reign over her Affections was now as much at an end, as his Reign over the hearts of his People. *Polydorus* therefore sends for *Lycogenes*, and having agreed upon Conditions, hastens him away into *Hibernia*, with permission to retain the Title of *Lycogenes* the Second, King of *Hibernia*, but to deliver the real Possession of the Kingdom to *Polydorus*, and the Command of all his Souldiers and Forces to such Officers and Commanders,

manders, as he had order'd to accompany him.

So soon as *Lycogenes* was departed, *Polydorus* prosecutes his Amour with great heat; nor was *Messalina* who had already surrender'd up her Fort, less diligent to afford *Polydorus* all the Opportunities that could be with Circumspection and Caution omitted: She was mainly desirous of a Prince to be Born of her Body; by which means she might bequeath perpetual vexation to the Christians: And to that purpose she thought that now she had both change of Air and variety of Persons, she could not fail; and as for the Legality of it, she never minded that, since she could have Absolution when she pleased.

Palydorus therefore therefore sends her an Invitation to his Country Palace of *Versellais*, and appoints her an Apartment not far from his own, with so many private avenues to it, that it was impossible one would have thought to have made the least discovery of their private Congresses.

Under the Covert of this Retirement, *Polydorus* had several Opportunities to enjoy the Carresies of his endearing *Messalina*; while she on the one side labour'd for Pregnancie, and he on the other endeavoured to recover the Reputation he had lost in his first Venereal Attempts: Nothing could out-vie the Dalliances of these two Royal Lovers, unless the efforts of Youthful *Clepatra*, to please her *Mark Anthony*, or the Gallantries of *Mark Anthony*, to gratifie his adored *Cleopatra*. Moreover, *Messalina* thought that if now she should prove with Child, the World would be the sooner Convinc'd of the Truth of her being Deliver'd of the Prince of the *Cambro Britans*; which made her more eager to devote her self to the satisfaction of her *Polydorus*. However Love had only

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a Design to exert his power, and would not admit *Lucina* to come in for a ſhare, in bleſſing the ſtrong Endeavours of the Amorous Pair with effectual Succeſs: 'Tis true Fame did her part and ſpread abroad a rumour over all *Gothland* and *Albion*, that *Meſſalina* was with Child, and ſo it holds; but as to that, it is left to Time to make out the truth of it.

By this time *Cupid*, who ſeem'd to ſtudy nothing more then to enlarge the Conqueſts of *Meſſalina*'s Charming Eyes, had ſmitten the Heart of Young *Delphinus*, only Son of *Polydorus*, who began to be no leſs Enamour'd of the Bewitching *Meſſalina* then his Father. 'Tis true he knew nothing of certainty of what paſs'd every Day between his Father and her. For now it being known that *Lycogenes* was gone of *Polydorus*'s Errand, it was eaſie to feign pretences of Frequent Conſultations with *Meſſalina*; but as the Actions of Princes will be pry'd into, in ſpight of Fate, *Delphinus* had ſome Inkling of the Intrigue. And indeed the more then ordinary Credulity and Obſequiouſnes of *Polydorus* to an Exild Princeſs, could not chooſe but Enhance her Suſpition. However Love is ſuch a Tyrant, that what he will, he will have done. The Young *Delphinus* is enflam'd, and tho' he were pretty ſure, that in giving way to his Paſſion, he muſt be his Father's Rival, and Fish in the ſame Stream with his own Parent, yet his Ardour was ſo Violent, that thoſe Conſiderations could not with-hold him, nor ſtem the violent Current of his Affection: So that he never came into *Meſſalina*'s Company but his Amorous Looks betray'd the Paſſion of his Heart; ſo eaſily diſcernable, that *Meſſalina* could not perceive the double Conqueſt ſhe had made both of the Father and the Son. But *Meſſalina* who had Abandon'd her ſelf over to the Father, made

made the Punctillio of Honour so much her present Excuse for not condescending to the Son's Addresses, that she still put him off with fair Complements, so that all his Efforts prov'd ineffectual.

FINIS.
